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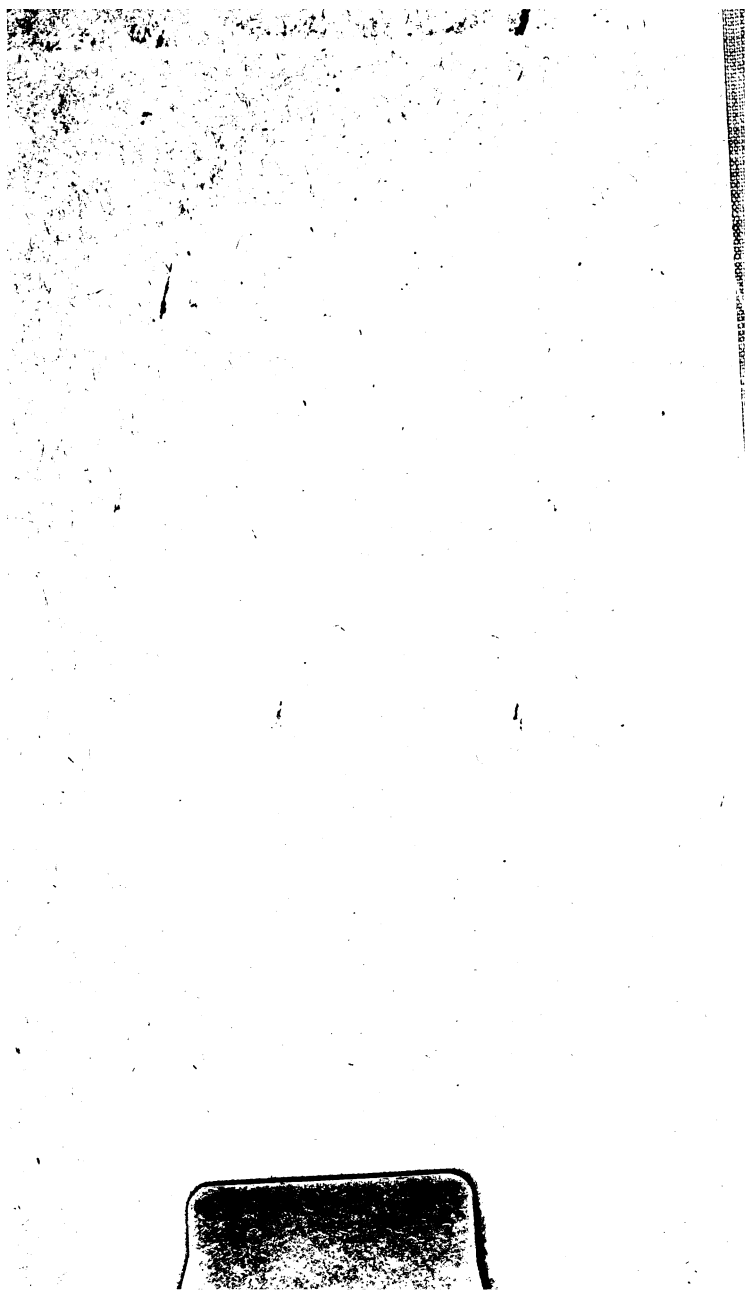
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CORNER STONES

"THAT OUR DAUGHTERS MAY BE
AS CORNER STONES, POLISHED
AFTER THE SIMILITUDE
OF A PALACE"

1



BY
KATHARINE
BURRILL

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TO
MY GIRL
MARJORIE



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CORNER STONES

A FOREWORD

"**G**ENERALLY speaking, I don't like boys. How do you do, boy?" was the memorable remark of Miss Murdstone when she first met David Copperfield. Generally speaking, I don't like girls. They always make me feel rather shy. Little boys are much easier to get on with. You can put things on a pleasant footing by the gift of five shillings or half a crown—a very small boy will even accept sixpence with gratitude, and you can make a friend for life of a gorgeous young gentleman in a collar and coat-tails by giving him a sovereign. When the waves of adversity engulf you, he of the collar and tails will always say, "Poor old chap, he once tipped me a sovereign." There is a popular superstition that you cannot offer little girls money. Personally I believe they would accept it with much outward reluctance but great inward satisfaction. But who has the courage to tender even "so old and valuable a friend as a half-crown" to a small person in a Liberty velveteen frock, or to a more advanced young woman in a serge skirt and a red tam-

o'-shanter? You can give them boxes of chocolate, but even the best chocolate does not form the same firm basis of friendship as a tip. Probably because the actual spending of money, the mere act of laying it ostentatiously on the counter, is a greater joy than the possession of what money will buy. Little boys are always quite oblivious to your clothes, and this fact gives you, when in their society, a feeling of ease and security. "Contrariwise" little girls stare hard at your hat, which makes you nervous. They appear polite, but you know they are comparing your appearance with that of Mrs. Jones next door, and the comparison is not to your advantage. A small girl will embarrass an entire company by saying in a stage-whisper, "Mummy, why is Mrs. Smith so bulgy?" or, staring hard at a very plain friend, will remark apparently into vacancy, "I *do* like pretty people." It is on these occasions that we feel girls should be locked up at three years old and let out at five-and-twenty; for the semi-grown-up "Back-fisch," the just-left-school-home-for-good girl is even more alarming. She remembers accurately all you have forgotten, and has possibly learnt more than you ever heard of in the way of lessons, and she looks her superiority. I am sorry I like schoolboys best, but I cannot help it. However, even though I prefer boys, I do not see why the unfortunate Modern Girl should be perpetually run down. At one time all the poets—except Byron, who said rude things about milk-and-water and bread-and-butter—wrote nice

things about girls. When they were not "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet," then they were Queens of the May, or rosebuds "set with little wilful thorns." They were beautiful; they had golden curls; they wore white muslin; they were dainty and charming and graceful, and everything that was delightful. Other times, other manners. Now, everyone who writes about girls calls them hard names; nothing is said about rosebuds, though a great deal is made of the thorns. If we believed the articles in magazines and newspapers (only we don't), we should think the youthful feminine portion of the English race in a very bad way. Mr. Marriott Watson inveighed against the Athletic Girl, with the result of a shower of letters from indignant hockey players who revel in rude health and sevens in shoes, and another shower of applauding letters from maidens whose pride is an eighteen-inch waist and who do not play games. No sooner did the Athletic and Unathletic, each perfectly pleased with themselves, simmer down into comparative peace, than someone rose up and attacked the Suburban Girl. She, poor thing, was accused of many enormities, chief among them being imitation lace and jewellery, and dyed birds in her hats. Is it to be wondered at if the dwellers in Suburbia rushed into print in defence of their rolled gold muff-chains and cheap torchon-trimmed petticoats? After all, is it anybody's business what anyone else wears? If Miss Suburbia cannot afford the real, is she to go un-

adorned when the attractive imitation calls to her from every shop window? The Play-going Girl is like "the fly on the ceiling, whose case is the worst one," for she is accused of Morbid Hysteria. Calverley was not particularly attached to the "grinder, who serenely grindest," but he felt driven to say something in his defence, if only for a change!

"For I've heard Mankind abuse thee,
And although it's rather strange,
Still I thought that I would choose thee
For encomium—as a change."

I feel much the same towards the Modern Girl. What is wrong with her? Why does everyone abuse her? Every hockey player is not rough and rude with large feet and a manly stride. Every small-waisted girl is not pinched in till she can hardly breathe and incapable of walking a mile. Neither do all the girls who live in the suburbs cover their heads with green parrots and white cockatoos. Every girl who takes an intelligent interest in plays, and has perhaps a little Hero Worship for an actor or an actress, is not suffering from Morbid Hysteria. Silly she may be, but that she writes to her favourite actor offering him *her* photograph I do not believe. No English or Scotch girl would be such a drivelling idiot. Quite lately we had—possibly an instructive—certainly an unedifying correspondence in a leading daily paper on the subject of revolting daughters. To judge from their letters, many of them must be very revolting indeed. On

the other hand, the mothers, who are presumably older and should have more sense, wrote equally revolting and in many cases very narrow-minded, unfair letters. Surely the daughters might be better employed than airing their grievances in print; and if the mothers were busy with their homes, making their children's lives interesting and happy, they could have no time in which to expose their ignorance and failure to an unsympathetic public under such alluring names as "A distressed Mother," "Hopeless," and "A Matron of Balham." Why do all these unfortunate women's domestic wheels run so badly? For the simple reason that the Driver of the Family Coach will not oil the wheels with love and gentleness. The mother is the driver; she will find she can do much more with a little love and unselfishness than with perpetually waving a whip and writing to the papers. Did you ever hear of an unhappy home where people loved each other? A poor home, perhaps, little pleasure and no luxury, but unhappy *never*! In all the very depressing letters that British matrons seem to have time to write the one chord eternally sounding was the jarring chord of self. "I, me, myself" from the mother and the girls, and when the fathers also rushed into print the cry was still "I, me, myself"! Of all unhappy people the unhappiest are those who are perpetually thinking of themselves, Where do *I* come in? How does this affect my prospects? What enjoyment will there be for me? Alas! will not Love take up the Harp of Life? Will

not Love smite "the chord of self" till it passes "in music out of sight"? The grievances ventilated were so childish and trivial: "The girls are always out playing games"; "The girls say they are so dull at home"; "Mother makes us pay calls"; "Mother makes us drive with her in the carriage." The last strikes me as being too silly for words. Many people have to walk when they would much prefer to drive, and other people have no carriage exercise but what is afforded by a penny tramcar or a common cab. Happy little Miss who is both the fortunate possessor of a kind mother and a Family Barouche! I do not pretend that driving about from house to house praying that people may be out is an interesting or exciting performance, but it is better than excitement and interest to please your mother. Girls *do* find it often very dull at home. Suppose a girl has no sisters and she has been at a large school where they go in for healthy games, she misses the companionship and she misses the exercise. A mother should try to see that her girl is not dull; it's no use scolding her and grumbling at her. "We did so and so in my young days, my good Lady," is no sort of argument at all. You sent your girl to a thoroughly modern up-to-date school and then you object to her having imbibed the ideas that you presumably intended her to imbibe, or why did you pay for them? You think your daughter noisy and cheeky; she thinks you old-fashioned and unsympathetic. Like the answer to the old riddle, "There is a *b* in both." You

are both in the right and both in the wrong. Moderna *is* cheeky, talks too much, has too many opinions, despises little womanly accomplishments, and thinks of nothing but golf, hockey, and cricket. But then, dear lady, you have not gone with the times; you cannot appreciate Moderna's superb health that is the result of the games *you* think mannish and rough; you never belonged to a Club ("What an idea!") or smoked a cigarette, and you utterly condemn all women who are in the least different to what you are yourself. Be fair, keep your girl at home and bring her up under your own eye; but do not send her to a thoroughly modern school and then object to her not being 1860. Personally, I do not care for boarding schools for girls at all. Thousands of people will say I am entirely wrong, but it is a free country and I may hold a wrong (?) opinion if I like. There are a good many things in life that matter more than lessons. The twig grows as it is bent, and I cannot help thinking that the bending of mind and body in the right direction should be done by a mother. The very nicest girl I know never saw the inside of any school. The next best girl certainly goes to a Day School, but she is the one sister among many brothers and—"there is no gaslight about a brother." You constantly hear people say, "Everything is done for the boys, they are sent to expensive schools: why should not the same be done for girls?" Because a girl can be educated at home and a boy cannot. If there is only money for one, it is no

hardship for a girl to stay at home, whereas the want of a Public School training is a handicap to boys all through life. Parents have a very laudable desire to give their families a better education than they had themselves. If it is *really* a better education neither the boys nor girls will think themselves better than their fathers and mothers. Old Osborne's attitude towards his son is not a good one. It certainly ended disastrously for George. A female George Osborne returning from a very expensive school full of airs and graces and too grand for the family circle would be rather a terror. It is better to keep a girl at home, if all she learns is spelling and simple arithmetic, than give her a grand education out of all proportion to her home and its surroundings. There is a very silly expression used by some people, "A Finishing School." Could anything be more absurd? As if our schooling was ever finished! The World is a vast school in which we all have lessons to learn, sometimes very hard ones, so hard that it takes us all our life to learn them. Mothers tell me they *have* to send their girls to school. I cannot see any "have" about it. Be quite sure before you send a girl off to Brussels or Paris that the advantages will outweigh the drawbacks. Be also quite sure that you are not getting rid of a girl because it is too much trouble to train her yourself, or because you "really have no room for a governess." The early, impressionable years mean so much that mothers should consider very seriously before they pitchfork their girl into a large school possibly

a two days' journey away from their own home. Many mothers look forward anxiously to the day when Lucy or Dorothy comes home for good, and then are grievously disappointed. The advent of the emancipated scholar is too often the upheaval of the whole domestic economy. Perhaps it is hardly her fault, as she is rather in the position of a dog who is let loose after running on a chain. We can hardly blame Fido if he takes advantage of his liberty to root up the flower-beds or scour the woods for rabbits oblivious of our whistle. At school a girl is hemmed in with rules and regulations, bells for this and bells for that, hours for work and hours for play, the whole day carefully mapped out and very little left to her own initiative. She comes home from the very superior Foreign School or the Higher Education College, and Hey, Presto! everything is changed, with very often dire results. For at eighteen we are quite as sure we know everything as we are certain at eight-and-thirty we know nothing and can never live long enough to learn one millionth part of what there is to learn. Cocksure Youth gallops round the world while Age sits at home and is afraid to look out of the window. Brave Dare All Youth is very fascinating; we can even forgive him his remarkable cocksureness, only I like to see Youth showing reverence and respect to Age. Age's slippered feet once were booted and spurred to ride round the world. He too thought—

“Every goose a swan, Lad,
And every lass a Queen.”

He has seen the wheels run down, the leaves fade and wither; now he sits by the fire, and ah! not to all is it granted—

“to find one face there
We loved when all was young.”

The Modern Maid is, I fear, not gifted with the bump of veneration. She has little respect for the opinions of her elders. It is not pretty to hear a young girl flatly contradicting her parents, arguing with older people, and holding forth at the top of her voice on subjects that she knows very little about. Cocksure Sweet Seventeen is rather a trying young person. When she returns from school full of new-fangled ways and upsetting notions, she must think a little of “Papa” and “Mamma,” and do what she can to please them. “Papa” (bless him!) has cheerfully paid for all the Extras, the accomplishments that Seventeen (I hope) brings home with her, and very likely has worked hard for that same privilege. But will Seventeen sing “Annie Laurie” or “The Message” when “Papa” asks her? Not she. Either she is not in good voice and will not sing at all, or she sings short German and French songs, or erotic English ditties that poor “Papa” does not know and does not care for. He probably loves little scraps of Mozart and Haydn that “Mamma” played in their young days; but Seventeen is not going to indulge them with “The Dream of Saint Jerome” “that poor Charlotte played so delicately,” or Weber’s “Last Waltz”—I should

think not. Seventeen fancies her playing of Paderewski or Moskowski, and will mazurka up and down the piano much to her own satisfaction. Perhaps this is an extreme view to take, for, of course, there are numbers of girls who will sing to please their fathers, as well as many homes where parents are entirely musical and appreciate and understand Classical Music. Still these are rarer than homes where "Papa" would like an English ballad or an old Scotch song sung to him in the evening. The day may come when you would give all the world to have "Papa" back again, even though he prefers *Il Trovatore* to *Tannhauser*, or to hear "Mamma's" voice, even though she was scolding you for some little duty left undone. It is as difficult to make the young believe that changes must come as it is to make the old believe that some things will remain fixed and immutable. But I do think if girls would remember how much they owe to their fathers and mothers and how empty life will be without them, we should hear less of unmanageable daughters. Are they unmanageable? A few may be, but I do not believe the modern daughter is nearly so black as she is painted. She has very grave faults certainly, and she has lost a great deal of charm. The charm that comes from a low voice, that "excellent thing in a woman," is no longer hers. Moderna screams, and, alas! screams in slang.

"Her sleeves are 1830
And her skirt is '61 ;

CORNER STONES

Her tresses in the manner
Of Louis Quinze are done,
Her hat is quite colonial,
Her brooch is pure antique,
Her belt is 1850 ;
But when you hear her speak,
What year the maid belongs to
You do not wonder more :
Her dress is many periods,
But her slang is 1904."

Is there any need for a girl to plaster every sentence with slang adjectives? The expressions of a hundred and fifty years ago were coarse possibly, but they had much vigorous sense in them; the expressions of to-day, when they are not ugly and vulgar, are hopelessly and abjectly silly. It was the custom long ago to use plain names for plain things. Spades were Spades. I do not mind a plain, honest spade, though there really is no necessity to talk of spades at all; but I do object to what I may call a spade in a chiffon petticoat. The old Scotchwoman said "Sweirin' is a great affset to conversation." This is open to question, but there can be only one opinion about "simply ripping," it is *never* "an affset."

Moderna has so much that is good in her, she is so bright, enthusiastic, interesting, and healthy that it is a great pity she spoils herself with ugly, ungraceful tricks of speech and movement. With all her Gymnasium training, she is badly in need of lessons in what Mr. Turveydrop calls Deportment. When the Little Minister

l Babbie "there are better things in life than having
r own way," the wilful Babbie replied, "I want my
1 way and the better things too." Very human and
y true. Let the Modern Girl have her own way over
games, her clubs, her interests, and her pursuits;
let her remember there are the better things too—
e, Unselfishness, Gentleness, and Goodness.

THE GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP

WHAT will you plant in your garden? If you have just left school it will probably be a vast wilderness of Forget-me-nots, very pretty, very sentimental, and—very unlasting. If the soil is well prepared for real Friendships, you can look out for a few good-growing, hardy, reliable plants to take the place of the poor little Forget-me-nots when they, their “Mizpah” rings, their undying devotion, and their interminable letters written on exercise-paper, fade and fade, and finally dwindle into a Christmas card once a year if you can remember where they live! You cannot remember Sally’s married name; but what vivid recollections you have of the day when you were told that you could neither stay with her nor invite her to pay you a visit! The Olympians had so decreed it, and like wise Olympians kept their reasons to themselves. How inconsolable you were; how you wept; how intensely you loathed the Olympians; with what even greater intensity did you love Sally! If only misplaced affection and wasted energy could be stored up and let out in judicious quantities when we wanted them! If we could only tap a keg of energy, and say, “Please let me have the amount of force

I expended in misery the day I was not allowed to go to tea with the Perkinses"! Did you ever have an extra day, and when you did not want it? If you sail across the world by Cape Horn you will have a day at sea over and above what you bargained for. Like most things in this life, it comes just when you least care for it. But ever afterwards, when working hard against time, or packing up to go to the country, how vainly you will long for that one extra idle day!

I suppose affection really is not misplaced nor wasted even if lavished on what appears to be an unworthy object. The old lady who sat up for several nights with a sick parrot undoubtedly sacrificed her own comfort and her nights' rest, and it is certainly better to love a parrot, a pug-dog, or a Persian cat, than to care for nothing at all. Every time you think of others and care for others you are educating your own heart in the art of loving; so, after all, schoolgirl friendships are not without their uses. Indeed, some of them last through a lifetime, and instead of the little forget-me-not patch dying and being rooted up, it strengthens and grows till it is a great, tall plant. A great deal is said nowadays in favour of schools where girls of rather different social standing mix together, though no one would care to see a return of the "Select Seminary for the Daughters of Gentlemen." I rather doubt it being a good thing for girls to make great friends *in school* and not to be able to continue their friendship *out of school*. A friend of mine

who *did* go to a school where, though the education was excellent, the company was varied, well remembers the tortures she suffered when told a certain child could not come to tea. Alas! she had given little Miss Snips the invitation without consulting the powers that be. What was to be done? Covered with shame and humiliation, not daring to say that the invited one was even now almost at the gates, the unfortunate child tore down the avenue, and when little Snips, gorgeous in curled ringlets and its party frock, appeared ("all eager for the treat"), gasped out, "Oh, please, please, go away! Oh, do go away; you can't come to tea!" After more than twenty years that afternoon is a miserable memory. Childish sorrows are very real at the time, and when later the Snips Family left the neighbourhood for Australia, my poor friend was again most unhappy, quite thinking the departure on a perilous voyage for a strange and far-off land a direct outcome of her frustrated hospitality. Had these children been as friendly in their homes as at school this tragic episode could not have occurred.

When you tell a girl she is not to make friends with this or that school companion because she is in a different social position or not in the same "set" (hateful word!), you lay an early foundation of snobbishness that may take years to eradicate. Girls, especially little girls, are only too ready to be snobs. It's a harmless, honest form of snobbery, chiefly connected with clothes, none of the subtlety of advancing years about it; Lady Adeliza in

a shabby hat is not nearly so impressive as Miss Grits the grocer's daughter in a "confection" of velvet and feathers. If any girl feels particularly uppish and pleased with her *hochwohlgeboren* little self, let her read Hans Andersen's story, *Children's Prattle*. Perhaps in the future she would remember that it was not the well-born daughter of the Chamberlain, nor rich Miss Petersen—nay, not even the daughter of the author who could "put everybody in the newspaper"—who became great and famous, but the little boy who was "so poor and mean" that he could only peep at the happy, gaily dressed children through a chink in the door. We never know what we miss by being too grand, nor how often we flatter nobodies in the parlour and leave Thorwaldsen standing in the passage. Listen to what Mrs. Chapone says about friendship—Mrs. Chapone, the correspondent of that Semiramis of Hammersmith, whose parting gift to her pupils was *the* "Dixionary": "In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they also possess taste and genius, that will still make them more agreeable and useful companions." I rather doubt genius being a "useful companion"; Pegasus is an uncomfortable animal for an ordinary stable, though of course it is most agreeable if a genius takes any notice of us. However, we are not to look out for genius and taste first; there is something else that matters more, something that will last when the other things fade away.

"A fair face will wither, a full eye wax hollow,
But a *good heart*, Kate, is the sun and the moon—
Or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines
Bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly."

Many charming, brilliant acquaintances you may have—the tulips and hollyhocks of your garden; but remember to have at least one good-hearted friend, honest, upright, and true, who "never changes," who will stand by you in a rainy day and rejoice with you when the clouds disappear and the sun shines out once more.

I sometimes think it is easier to find a sympathising friend than a rejoicing one. People are more ready to produce the Walrus's pocket-handkerchief than to take down the fiddle and the bow and accompany our Pæans of joy and thankfulness. It is wonderful with what equanimity we can support the troubles and sorrows of other people. When Dame Fortune, after persistently passing your door, comes to *them* with both hands full, it is just a little difficult to be in an entirely jubilant frame of mind: "wretched meritorious B." can hardly help being slightly envious of "happy undeserving A." I think your real friends show up better when your luck is good than when it is bad. There are some people who seem to adore you as long as the world is kicking you. Get upon your feet, no longer want them to shake their heads over your misfortunes, and they seem to have nothing left to say. Fair-weather friends have a bad name. Poor dears! they are not nearly so aggravating

as the friends who are only really happy when they are holding an umbrella over you. They are like those other excellent people who are always telling you how they stood up for you. "I wasn't going to hear you run down, dear; I said you were my friend, and I should stick up for you. You can't help losing your temper, I know; but I wasn't going to let those Brook girls say so." Well-Meaning takes her departure quite pleased with herself, and leaves you, if you are at all human, foaming at the mouth.

"Then she said, 'If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend.'
And she leaves me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her."

You ought never to repeat an unkind thing, but if you hear something kind and pleasant and nice, then certainly tell people. It's very grand to say you do not care what anyone thinks of you, or whether you are liked or disliked. Certainly, if you prefer it, climb on to a nasty, cold, lonely pillar, and sit proudly on the top by yourself, but—it's a chilly performance! Much better join the circle of good folks round the fire, be pleased if they welcome you, and make them like you. I have the very greatest sympathy with Old Man Kangaroo who wanted Nqong to make him "popular and wonderfully run-after by five this afternoon." Did we all tell the truth, I believe every single one of us

wants to be popular and liked and made much of; some of us may even go the length of wishing we were "wonderfully run-after." Alas! I do not know Nqong's address, and it is already half-past four! We all know The Miller of Dee was jolly, and that he sang from morn till night; probably that is the reason he had the place to himself, for the poem does not tell us *how* he sang. I never think it was his want of friends that made him so fearsomely cheery; he particularly tells us that he never expended a groat on lawyers, doctors, or surgeons. Think of it—no doctor's bills! No wonder he was jolly! Small blame to him that he was blithe and gay. A friendless, *unhealthy* Miller would have been a very different thing! Besides, he may have felt rather lonely on long winter evenings; only, of course, having once taken up the "Care for Nobody, no not I" attitude, he had to stick to it; the more he longed for someone to come in and have a pipe with him, the louder he would shout and sing, just to keep up his reputation.

Young girls are much given to falling deeply in love with women years older than themselves. They *schwärmen* over them, copy their dress and manners, and as far as they can—poor little faithful Copy Cats!—make themselves look like the object of their enthusiastic admiration. An immense responsibility lies with the woman who has inspired this affection. She is generally a clever woman, for the stupid rarely collect a crowd of satellites, and she may influence young admirers for great good;

on the other hand, she may do them infinite harm. In the dear, far-off "salad days," when our judgment is so extremely green, we are rather apt to be attracted by the tawdry, the meretricious, and the flashy. We drink in everything the adored one says as absolute truth, and we are so immensely flattered by the "boofer lady" (our first-loves are always beautiful) taking any notice of us that we are ready to go through fire and water for her. We tell her so, seated at her feet in her comfortable drawing-room, almost wishing that the house would go on fire or the pipes burst that we might prove our devotion. The day she asks us to call her by her Christian name we are so uplifted that we tread on air instead of solid macadam.

As a general rule parents and guardians look upon all this with a good deal of disfavour. Sometimes they are right and sometimes wrong; at the worst it is only silly, and girls must have somebody to "enthuse" over—only, please, girls, don't turn your dearly loved friend into a Missis Harris. Of all people she is the most tiresome; no wonder that in her exasperation Betsy Prig arose and said she did not believe there was "any sich person"! Nearly every one *has* a Missis Harris; but do keep her a little in the background; people get so very tired of hearing one person continually quoted: what they said, what they did, what they wore, even down to what they had for dinner. Some people have a *smart* Mrs. Harris; then whatever you do she goes one better: you have

a velveteen gown, she has velvet; you set up a one-horse brougham, the Harris family have bought a pair and "a barouche-landau"; you contemplate a week at Brighton, Mrs. Harris has gone to Monte Carlo! Save me not from my friends, but from my friends' friends. It must have been a very amiable Frenchman who wrote, "*Les amis de nos amis sont mes amis.*" Don't expect everybody to love your particular friends as much as you do yourself. I have seen the saying somewhere that if you want to have a friend you must be a friend. Is it easy to be a real good friend? It means thinking of your friend before yourself, and it also means taking a certain amount of trouble. Many people lose their friends because they are either too lazy or too stupid to write letters. I can quite imagine a friendship being broken by book-borrowing. Oh, the books that are never returned; what a big, big shelf they would fill! A certain haziness and mistiness—to call it nothing worse—about money matters may "lead to a breach." Absolute accuracy about even stamps should be taught to every girl. If she borrows a penny, make her pay it back; you may give her a shilling next day if you like, but that particular penny should be treated as a business transaction. If you can afford it, give money to your friends should they really require it; don't lend it—"for loan oft loses both itself and friend." Polonius was a "rash intruding fool," but he talked good sense. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." I sometimes

wish girls were not so very talkative and given to pouring out confidences indiscriminately. It does not matter when it is their own twopenny-ha'penny secrets and silliness; but very often they talk of family affairs, home troubles and difficulties, things which they have no business to speak of unless to a really old friend, one of those whose "adoption tried" makes us "grapple them to our souls with hooks of steel."

There are old friends whom we love more as the years go on: the oaks in our garden against which we can firmly lean, knowing they are goodly trees that will neither bend nor break. But we must be oak trees also; we must love our friends really and truly, love them through thick and thin, through good report and evil report, feel towards them as David Copperfield felt towards Steerforth. I know Steerforth was a very ordinary stagey villain; that his conduct to poor, flute-playing Mr. Mell was that of a cad; and yet—and yet—isn't it rather pathetic? "Daisy, if anything should ever separate us, you must think of me at my best, old boy!" Think of me at my best: is not that what we want everyone to do—to think of us when we were touching the heights, not when our feet were in the mire? Ah! let us think of the best in people, and believe that in every one, sometimes hidden, sometimes overgrown with weeds, there is a best—a lingering flash of that glory we bring with us "from God, who is our Home." And when we love, let it be with no reservations, but with our whole

heart. Let us say with David, "You have no best to me, Steerforth, and no worst. You are always equally loved and cherished in my heart." The day came, we know, when Copperfield was very glad he had made that answer. Surely, surely we are always glad and thankful when our last words have been those of love and friendship. And oh! why—why in this little, little life should they ever be anything else? "Be Pitiful, be Courteous," be very, very loving. Give all the time of your best—your sympathy, your love, your consideration, yourself. I once read somewhere a little booklet called, if I remember rightly, *Respect the Burden*. We all carry burdens—a load on our shoulders that can be seen, or a load in our hearts that can *not* be seen; of your charity give us a smile and a kind word.

In your beautiful Garden of Friendship that you all wish to have, find room for the common little weed-plants that no one takes any notice of, that are gasping and dying for one little drop of the water of gentle kindness and encouragement. It costs so little to be kind to people; if you even smile instead of frowning, it means a great deal. "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note." Be happy and make others happy. If you are lucky enough to make friends easily, spend a little time with the people who are difficult to know and who are shy and diffident. Such a big heart sometimes lives in a very dull, shy body! If your friends are to mean a great deal to you, you must

mean a great deal to them; you must be worth loving before you are loved. Sometimes people care for us whom we can't be bothered with; you cannot make friends with everyone, but don't repulse them unkindly. Surely you can spare them a few minutes.

Sad as it may be to think of, there are those who were once friends whom we no longer care for. You cannot help it. People grow away from each other; their outlook becomes wider, their sympathies greater; how can they still feel the same to the small-minded? The narrow views, the hopeless impossibility of making people understand! You wonder how you ever could really have been friends. It is no pleasure to meet; you have nothing in common; your patched-up affection does not ring true; you can be very kind, glad when good fortune comes to them, but—you cannot love them.

“What shall we do with our dead—
 The dead who have not died—
 Who meet us still in the very paths
 Where they once walked by our side?
 Not those that we love and mourn,
 At rest on a distant shore,
 But the lost yet living women and men
 Whom we loved—and love no more.

“There are shroud and flower and stone
 To hide the dead from our sight;
 But these are the ghosts that will not be laid,
 They come 'twixt us and the light;
 And the heaven loses its blue,
 And the rose has worms at the core,
 Because of the living women and men
 Whom we loved—and love no more.”

To think of anyone you no longer love is sorrow indeed. How different the feeling we have for those whom we still love so dearly, so truly, though we can no longer shake the kind hand nor hear the kind voice! We cannot always mourn, but I do not think we forget. There are some of the dear dead friends who are always with us; who help us with an invisible presence as truly as they did when they were here. Do they know when we are battling with the waves or when we are safe in calm waters? I like to think they do, and that in all their happiness they spare a thought for the Toilers in the Plains. Sometimes it takes twenty years for the young to realise what they have lost, and then the dear, great-hearted, patient men and women we were not old enough to understand grow very near and very dear. We cannot always go to their graves with wreaths of flowers, and they would not wish us to always weep—but—we can remember.

"You come not as aforetime to the headstone every day,
And I who died I do not chide because, my friend, you play,
Only in playing think of him who once was kind and dear,
And when you see a beauteous thing, just say, 'He is not here.'"

DIANA AND ATALANTA

“Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail,
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail.”

HALF the people you meet will tell you the above verse applies to girls quite as much as to boys. If a man's “health and strength” never fail him while going in for games and sports, equally a girl's will not fail her. But they do—and that is just the difficulty. Physically a girl is not so well fitted for an immense amount of hard exercise as a man is—though of course you do meet weather-beaten-looking women who glory in being “as hard as nails”; still, most young girls would be wise to take their exercise and play their games in moderation. The same advice might be given to boys, for they are very apt to over-train, over-do the rowing, running, jumping, and football that can be so healthful—or so very much the reverse. Nature, like the wise Mother she is, strongly objects to anything that is overdone. She abhors too much study, but she is not in favour of too much hard play. If moderation is the watchword, a girl's cricket, hockey, golf, and tennis will do her all the good in the world; but if she plays till she is only fit to lollop into an armchair and sit in a crumpled heap, then she would

have been much better to have merely gone for a brisk walk. We all love Diana; but no one cares for broken-down Dianas, and unfortunately they are by no means rare. To *work* yourself into ill-health is bad, but sometimes unavoidable; to *play* yourself into various "itises" is merely futile and tiresome. If you find any particular game thoroughly exhausts and tires you, give it up and play something milder. There is such a thing as being healthily tired out, and there is an unpleasant condition known as *over-tired*; do try to avoid being over-tired. Also, be sensible. Do not play hard cricket or tennis till you are thoroughly heated and then sit in the shade without either a shawl or a cloak. Men show this much sense in their games that they change from playing-garments to ordinary garments when the game, match, or whatever it is, is over. If girls are not going to change every garment after hard play (it would be the best and safest thing to do), then they must have big, thick coats to put on when either sitting or standing about. "It's only a chill" is very often the beginning, but a very serious illness is often the end. Some girls are devoted to games, but do not seem to care much for walking, which always surprises me. It is so much more interesting to move about and see things than stick in one field or on one square of mown lawn.

"Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek the heaven above
And the road below me."

"The Invitation to the Road" never ceased ringing in the ears of Robert Louis Stevenson—

"Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me ;
Give the jolly heaven above
And the highway nigh me."

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth." True, but are there such hills anywhere as Caerketton, as Arthur's Seat, to those whose childhood has been spent beneath their shadows? We may cross many rolling seas, but our first Sea will remain for ever the old Firth across whose waters we look towards the Kingdom of Fife. If you live in Edinburgh you learn to love a walk. Turn in any direction you like, you will find something beautiful and something of interest. Am I prejudiced in favour of mine own romantic town? Perhaps, but if anyone does not believe me, let them read Oliphant Smeaton's *Edinburgh*. Then they, too, will feel the glamour, the fascination of that Edina who sits, crowned Queen of Beauty, throned upon her northern hills. Other towns have their own particular charm; they may have no natural beauties, neither hills, nor seas, nor rivers, but all have something of interest. The smokiest and dreariest of cities has its "bits" of colour, its fine architecture, old and new. Streets are most interesting to walk in, if you keep your eyes open. I cannot remember if it was Frank Buckland or a clergyman friend of his, who said he was kept up for the entire

day by the sight of a Flying Buttress! All the world is full of Flying Buttresses to cheer us up; but you will not see them if you do not look for them. One person goes for a walk and sees a hundred objects of interest; another goes the same walk, sees nothing, and says his boots hurt. Read what Hazlitt says of Walking Tours. He wanted "clear blue sky" and "green turf beneath my feet," and "a winding road." Once in possession of these things, "I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy." Now I do not expect the ordinary girl to feel like Hazlitt, nor expect her to see with his eyes nor hear with his ears. But we can all cultivate the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the thinking head; best of all, the understanding, sympathetic heart. When we do hear much of walking, it is walking for a wager or walking-races. What possible pleasure there can be in knowing you finish your mile in two minutes less than John Smith or Peter Jones is beyond me. Most of the walking-race men thoroughly overdid themselves, many of them being positively ill. That is not healthful exercise, but sheer foolishness. Last year I met the remnant of a race: it was wet, it was muddy—so were they; each of them had a large ticket pinned on his chest as if he was a prize exhibit at a cattle show! With this difference, the Fat Stock generally look pleased, conceited, and comfortable, while my poor walkers looked supremely miserable. If girls knew what a real pleasure it is to meet a woman who carries herself well and steps well,

neatly and sensibly shod (there is something, you know, between a flapping sandal and a Louis Quinze heel), with no tags of muddy lace nor ends of braid, they would take more trouble about their foot-gear and how they walk. Over and over again a beautiful hat and a well-made gown are ruined by sloppy shoes or trodden-down heels. Few girls walk really well. Very often a fine up-standing young woman who does hold herself well spoils the effect by a manly stride and a swinging arm. For a few moments watch girls and women passing in the street, and you begin to wonder if all your fellow-countrywomen are knock-kneed, flat-footed, and twisted-ankled. Some women think a "wobble-wobble" walk most attractive; it is just the reverse. Lift your feet neatly and cleanly; some women shuffle, and never seem to lift their feet at all. I do not mean you should cultivate "the Heather step," though I really think that is better than dragging and pushing the feet along. Because you have a small foot you need not mince nor strut. If you are a seven-league booter, try and restrain your stride. The women of what we may call the Balmoral boot and Pork-Pie Hat period—you will see them in Leech's pictures or on the outside of a very old-fashioned croquet-set box—are much condemned by the modern nymphs because they did not take sufficient exercise. I am constantly informed that they spent the entire day doing Berlin-wool work and gossiping. Well! I've heard the wielder of a golf club take her own fair

share in a gossip-klatch; and whatever their faults, the women of fifty years ago walked well and held themselves well, and sat erect instead of lolling and lounging. Who are the best walkers to-day? Not our young friends in the flat caps without the "rid toories," but the elderly, indeed we may say the old, ladies. I suppose if you once learned to be graceful in a crinoline (what will become of the hockey-players if Fashion ever brings it back again?) you would be graceful for all time. Madame La Baronne must, I think, have lived in the wire cage period; and I am sure she never swung on horizontal bars, joined a golf club, nor played cricket, and yet it is "a good joy" to see her cross the room, and a better joy to go for a walk with her. Her footstep is as light and soft as her voice is low and sweet. Is she young? Is she old? You neither think nor care—hers is the beauty of face and heart and mind that never grows old, that is for ever young and for ever charming. Madame La Baronne, I make you my deepest reverence. Would there were more great ladies like you.

I suppose the "shin-pads" have taken the place of Diana's buskins; if the latter are more romantic you could hardly play hockey in them, and, as every one knows, during the winter months hockey reigns supreme. Personally, there is too much of "the rigour of the game" about it for me, and I would only play were I allowed to come on the field in the complicated but protective costume worn by Tweedledum and Tweedledee when they

"agreed to have a battle." As, according to the rules, I would not even be allowed to wear a hat-pin nor a hard hat, the Tweedledeeian headdress—a coal-scuttle—would be ruthlessly condemned. Some of the rules struck me as being very applicable to everyday life. "Don't forget to 'worry' your opponent"; if you worry and harry an enemy he will soon be worn out: this rule I intend to remember. "Keep your eye on the ball"—excellent! Make up your mind what your "ball" in life is, and then never take your eyes off it if you want to succeed. After all, we can all choose our "ball" and stick to it. It's the other people's fascinating balls that distract our attention. We are so sure life would have been so different had our ball been a different colour, a little more golden, a little less grey. Nonsense! Give it a good hard smash with your hockey-stick. See! it has turned over, and the under side is deep, bright gold after all.

"Obey your captain." We all captain something or other (or will), and we all have someone else over us. Obey when in subjection, and insist on obedience when in authority; if you cannot obey yourself, you will never get anyone to obey *you*. Hockey may by some people be looked upon as a rather rough and tom-boy game for girls; but, "in good sooth, a young maid is all the better for learning some robuster virtues than maidenliness and not to move the antimacassars." These robuster virtues are not acquired sitting with your toes on the fender. I wrote to a keen hockey-player who distinguishes herself

when playing for her county, "Please tell me what benefits you derive mentally and physically from playing hockey." Her reply, "Mentally and physically I am much the better for hockey, and could not get through the winter without it," is a good testimonial in favour of this favourite winter game. Nearly all young girls play cricket, and a good many older girls. But it is rather an unfortunate fact that a great many of them are what we might call Farmyard runners. The scuttling hen, the galumphing calf, and the lumbering cow are all copied more or less accurately and ungracefully by many girls. The ideal runner is like Beatrice: she copies the lapwing, and "runs close by the ground."

Have you read an American girl's book that was a great favourite—I am afraid to say how many years ago? Its name is *What Katy Did*. There is one little scene where the fashionable Aunt was horrified to find Katy, aged fourteen, never had any "frolics." As far as I can remember, she was interrogated on the subject of "frolics" while darning a lace curtain. Now, Katy Carr was a particularly nice good girl, and she darned curtains beautifully, but I quite agree with Aunt Lilla, "girls must frolic." Unless you have a rooted objection to games, they are as good and healthful a "frolic" as any girl can have. Provided a girl is thoroughly sound, she can play and enjoy a good rousing game. Youth is the time to spend "running about"; with advancing years we become less fond of leaving our chairs, also we, perhaps,

become fat. Mothers must let their girls play games, not to the exclusion of everything else, but if they show a desire to join a golf club or a hockey team, do not thwart them and do not keep them always cooped up in the house. Everything that is young wants (or ought to want, if it is healthy) *to frolic*. It is wise to see the frolics are conducted reasonably and sensibly and not overdone, but do not set your face against all games and all amusements. A great many things girls do nowadays are, I think, absolutely unnecessary. They have invaded the field of sport as well as the cricket-field; whether they were well advised in doing so is open to question. If they are going to shoot (why they wish to do so, I can't think), they must learn to shoot really well—not be merely a nuisance and a danger to themselves and other people. We have all suffered directly and indirectly from Mr. Winkle; the letting loose of a flock of Miss Winkles would add a new terror to life. However, if girls are going abroad to some country where shooting is absolutely necessary, or they feel they *must* “go out and kill something,” let them have lessons, proper lessons, at the school for shooting, an account of which appeared last year in either the *Ladies' Field* or *Country Life*. If you are going to shoot, my Diana, you must do it well, or there is no excuse for your attempting it at all. If girls have the requisite amount of patience, fishing is a pleasing and soothing pastime. Dear old Izaak Walton wrote :—

" Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

Those who do not agree with him, and think there are plenty of joys that are something more than lamentable toys, can read Leigh Hunt's essay on "Angling"; his views are very different from those of *The Compleat Angler*. Of course Leigh Hunt had very big ideas: wanted to ride a Hippogriff or Sinbad's Roc, and actually wished Shakespeare and Spenser to make new books for him, and Sir Walter to write forty more new Waverley Novels. If his heaven upon earth "could not do without cows" because of the landscape, I am sure he would exclude fishing from that Terrestrial Paradise where "the weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome."

Becky Sharp thought everything good that came from India; we think everything good that comes from Scotland, from "shortbread" to "Wee Macgregor"—the best of all good things is golf. Poor Becky found the chili a distinct disappointment; people who take to golf will not be disappointed, they will learn to love the game more and more. When played on fine links—"Are these the Links of Forth?" she cried"—in good weather, or what is known in the North as "a graun' day," there is no game like it. It is an excellent game for girls (if they do not cultivate a golf-links stride which suggests stepping over bunkers), and has one immense advantage,

that you can go on playing it till you are quite old. It is equally the game of the veteran or the small boy. People who do not play, or whose idea of a golf course is the pleasing ploughed field laid out in stubble and bricks near a new suburb, naturally fail to see the delights of

“Rinnin’ aboot wi’ a bag o’ sticks
Efter a wee bit ba’”;

but your golfer, man or woman, is always an enthusiast.

If a woman *can* ride she looks her very best on horse-back; but she must be able to ride really well. It is magnificent exercise, splendid for health and nerves. Unfortunately it is not a pastime for those who are poor in this world’s goods. Before you can keep a riding-horse you must have a certain amount of wherewithal to do it with. However, if you are lucky enough to have something to ride, see to it that you ride properly. You may have ridden since babyhood and yet have an ugly seat. You may *be* perfectly secure and look absolutely insecure. If you have bad hands, sit lumpily, or shake about in your saddle, go and have some really first-rate riding lessons. They will repay you. If you have any ugly tricks, try and get out of them. Force yourself to ride correctly. You may say, “I enjoy my ride quite as much even if my seat *is* ugly.” Yes, you may; but why have an ugly seat? Always try and look your best. In Clive Phillips-Wolley’s *Songs of an English Esau* there is a very charming description of a Western girl, of a girl who knows how to ride.

"When the hounds run mute and the best men *ride*,
And the wolf's life hangs on his speed,
There's never a man in the Countryside
Can *live* with that girl in the lead.

"Her dear little hands are brown as a nut—
Not baby things merely for show,
But light on the bridle and firm on the butt,
And tender—as sufferers know."

Is not that a pretty picture of a girl's hands? They are brown, strong, and firm, and yet they can be gentle and tender.

In my book on hockey that I studied so carefully I noticed the players were advised to "wear plain strong gloves to save the hands." That *saving* was, I suppose, from hard knocks and injury more than to save their appearance. But a pretty hand is a very pleasing thing, and a soft hand is a very comforting thing. Your "hard-as-nails" girl, of course, looks with contempt on a white hand; but are red, knuckly, chilblainy hands so *very* attractive? You do not want a flabby, useless, "butter-fingers" hand; but a beautiful hand is a very beautiful thing. Think of the hands Vandyke painted in his pictures. In all Genoa there is no more perfect thing than the portrait of the Marchesa Brignole Sale, with her exquisitely shaped hand painted against the background of her dark gown. You may forget the Campo Santo—horrible, chilly, ghostly place; imagine being lost in those long galleries!—you will forget the docks and harbour, which are not a bit finer than the Broomielaw; but no

one who has once seen her will ever forget the Marchesa, with her little hand. Do you remember "the stocky boy" in *Amos Barton*—how he admired his mother's pretty hand? People of the duller sort, who invariably tell you that "the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton," also always tell you "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Of course no one does rock a cradle nowadays, that being one of the nice, comfortable things that are pronounced bad for a child's head, spine, and "Little Mary." What a world it is that destroys all one's theories! Surely oatmeal might have been left to us; but we are now told it is a kind of slow poison. Well, we all know what happened to the Caledonian when he forsook his mutton and claret for port; worse may befall him if he listens to The Southern, gives up his porridge, and takes to "loaf bread." However, if we still stick to our porridge, we may perhaps still continue to rock cradles. If any girl either wants to rule the world, or send Wynken, Blynken, and Nod to sleep in their wooden shoe with a gentle swing, let her try to have a nice hand to do it with—not an idle hand, nor a useless, nor a hard, but a gentle, tender hand that, however soft, can still do hard work and hard play, and is never weary in well-doing.

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the whole day through."

Even with many games to go in for, with a good seat on a horse and a quick eye for a cricket-ball, all the domestic virtues need not be neglected. They are considered very poor things nowadays, are looked down upon and despised. Still, it is a great pity if a girl becomes entirely one-sided; the grasp of a hockey-stick or a golf-club ought not to prevent your knowing how to thread a needle. You can play tennis and croquet (a very scientific game to-day), and occasionally open a book. You might even bake the cake to be eaten on the return from a good long walk. It does not do to sink everything in becoming an all-round good sportswoman. The "snowy-souled" Atalanta, mighty huntress as she was, paid dearly and sadly for her "armed and iron maidenhood." A woman has other duties, other things to think of than cups and medals and record scores.

"Oh, can ye sew cushions?

And can ye sew sheets?

And can ye sing balaloo when the bairnie greets?"

What a girl wants to do is to combine the cushion sewing with cricket, the hockey and the hemming sheets. Every girl worth the name—sportswoman, fine lady, student, or romp—can sing her tender balaloo to hush her own child's tears. If she thinks *that* beneath her notice, or a bore, or a waste of time, then I do not care who she is, she is no true woman. We want the Dianas and the Atalantas, but there is plenty of room in the

world for the little woman who thinks with Ruth Pinch, that a little home, little duties, little pleasures, and little children make up the best and the greatest in life. We can do with a hundred Ruths, one Joan of Arc is quite sufficient. You need not be dull and dowdy because you are not leading the Army clad in silver armour, carrying a rainbow flag. Best of all is it to feel you are happy with the little duties, and ready for the great ones if they ever come. The girls of the present day are fine young women, worthy of all admiration. Let them play their games and win their laurels; only do not let them think those laurels the only ones worth winning. If they are strong, let them use some of their strength to help the weak; not keep it only for the links and the hockey field. They may think games of the greatest importance, but they need not despise those who prefer a few hours with a book to any game that was ever invented. Have a little mercy on those who are physically incapable of joining clubs or "making runs." The ideal young woman combines all the perfections, the best of everything in herself. She is a merry, healthy girl; but she is a loving, tender, gentle woman also.

"A girl she is when the skies are bright,
A woman when life goes wrong;
Sweetness in sunshine—in darkness, light;
Saucy and straight and strong."

THE TEARS OF MR. TURVEYDROP

I SOMETIMES wonder how Mr. Turveydrop would have borne it had he lived till the Twentieth Century. Fifty years ago he bewailed the decay of Deportment. What would he say to-day? Imagine his feelings if he saw a bicycle club scorch past his windows! Would he not shed tears—fat, wheezy, Deportmental tears at the sight of “Wooman, lovely Wooman,” sprinting after an omnibus or jumping on it when it is in motion? I know he was idle, and fear he was selfish, but I cannot join in the wish of the old lady at the dancing class, “Pd deport him! Transport him would be better.” For one thing consistency is a very real virtue, and the great Turveydrop was certainly consistent. He lived for Deportment: he *was* Deportment if he did not teach anything; as Caddy said, “His Deportment is beautiful.” Nowadays we teach a great deal (too much sometimes), we learn or try to learn a great many things, but our Deportment is not beautiful. As Mr. Turveydrop himself said, “A levelling age is not favourable to Deportment.” There is no question that the present age is a levelling one; we are all in such a hurry to jostle our way level with everybody else that no one has time to think how they are deporting themselves.

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Athleticism in women does not tend to grace. Perhaps this may be considered rather a sweeping assertion; there are, of course, women who go in for all forms of violent exercise, and yet are graceful, but I think they are the exception and not the rule. Fencing, dancing, and Swedish Exercises encourage graceful movement, but very violent hockey and cricket playing do not. They seem to encourage the development of muscle excrescences in the wrong place. It is not pretty to see maidens who in low-necked frocks resemble the Infant Hercules. If the back is made for the burden, then these young women are evidently going to be heavily loaded, for their backs are very broad indeed. Tremendous muscle is not attractive, it is too suggestive of heavy weights and Strong Men Exhibitions. A man athlete is often wonderfully graceful, a true descendant of the old Greek runners and wrestlers, with curiously small wrists and ankles; so often the girl who is a doughty champion at golf or tennis has a colossal wrist and a clumsy ankle. Grace and strength should go hand in hand, and poor Grace should not be sacrificed to Giant Strength. Women were meant to be graceful, and as far as they can manage it, beautiful and attractive. They also ought to have graceful manners. Not merely skin-deep manners—they do not go very far—but the tactful, beautiful manners that come from a beautiful heart. There are rough diamonds with hearts of gold and manners that set your teeth on edge, but I do not greatly

believe in the gruff exterior covering all the virtues. Pleasant people are not all insincere. Gruffanuff may have his hand in the till, while Plausible Peter would not cheat you of sixpence. We distrust Peter because he is polite, and trust Gruffanuff, often to our own destruction, because he is rude. Rough diamonds are all the better for a good polish, and even well-cut diamonds are none the worse for an occasional rub up. We cannot let our manners rust; to quote Turveydrop, we must "do our best to polish, polish, polish." Do not keep your manners for other people's houses and be rude in your own home. There is a delightful vulgarity, "Don't stand on ceremony," as if Ceremony was the name of a little mat you carried about with you. Well, I say, *do* stand on ceremony. Bring your mat and just stay on it. Everyone should have their ceremonious mat; respect other people's mats, and don't wipe your feet on them! Be as particular when alone as when you are in company. I once heard of a man who married because he said he was afraid he would help himself to potatoes with the gravy spoon! I know exactly what he meant, it is so easy to get into untidy, sloppy ways; there is a good deal of the savage in us still. Left entirely to our own devices, we all have a tendency to use the gravy spoon for the potatoes. Seneca tells us, "Who is therefore the gentleman? He that is well composed by nature unto virtue." Now, you could have a man who was "well composed by nature unto virtue,"

who was full of virtue, and yet *ate* his potatoes with the gravy spoon and shovelled down his peas with his knife. Think of Mr. Holbrook! Of course he only had two-pronged forks, and they were such good peas; still, we know Miss Matty and Miss Pole were rather upset by his mode of eating them. After all, we expect the good manners if we can only hope for the virtues. Good manners go a long way if virtue goes the farthest in the end. What we really want is a combination of virtue and manner. The words "gentleman" and "gentlewoman" mean not only those of gentle birth, but those of gentle manner, and it ought to mean of gentle thought and gentle deed. We hear a good deal about the absurdity of calling everyone nowadays a lady or a gentleman. Well, why not? Surely people who are really gently born and bred are not so childish and churlish as to object. If it is true that to give a dog a bad name is to hang him, perhaps to give a dog a good name may induce him to live up to it. I was never much impressed by either the good feeling or the kindness of the Duchess who called the shopman "the Nobleman with the bald head." After all, if we think it over, isn't it a greater compliment to say anyone is a man—white man all through—or to say she is a true woman, than merely to say "lady" or "gentleman"? There are not so very many real men and real women as you would think. However, when a lady *is* a lady, let her "behave herself as sich." It is rather difficult to remember nowadays

that Lady meant Loafgiver ; we are too often given stones when we look for bread. It is a thousand pities that misguided young women think they show their birth and good breeding by loud talking, sketchy manners, and a total disregard of other people's feelings. To see some girls shop is to make you shudder. The noise, the chatter, the rudeness, the absolute inconsideration shown to everyone, from the unfortunate being who has to serve them to the equally unfortunate being who happens to stand beside them at the same counter. The other day in a shop, a Female Person hurrying out, thinking of nobody but herself, pushed through a little crowd at a busy counter and swung over a chair, on which was seated a small and remarkably peaceful child. Naturally, as its poor head came with a violent bang on the floor it gave vent to a yell. Now what did that Female Person do—turn round, pick the child up, comfort it, and apologise? Not a bit of it. She just glanced over her shoulder, muttered "Sorry," and bounced out of the shop. It was the shop-walker who hurried forward full of distress for the accident, and gave the child a box of chocolates to dry its tears.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

I think we may be quite sure who was *not* the gentleman on this occasion. Perhaps this is an extreme case. Surely there cannot be many women who leave chairs and

children strewn behind them when they are on a shopping expedition. But women might and ought to show more civility and consideration than they do. It is the very deepest depth of meanness to be rude to people who will lose their employment and daily bread if they are rude to you. Indeed, you never can be rude. Because it is never the time and the place and the enemy altogether. You cannot insult a person in your house, nor go to their house and insult them. You cannot insult a superior because they may spare you, and you cannot insult an inferior because that is mean; and the moral is—always be polite. Women who tell you how rude railway porters and tramway conductors are have generally brought it on themselves. Personally, I think it simply marvellous the forbearance and courtesy that is shown to the Travelling Public, who never seem quite sure where they are going, and are in a state of frenzy about their luggage. Women are the worst offenders. A man, more or less, seems to have a vague idea of his destination, and does not board a tramcar going in the wrong direction and then abuse the conductor for letting him get on. Could you imagine Mr. Turveydrop, with his snuff-box, cane, and white gloves, condescending to enter an electric tramcar? Suppose he did do such a thing, would he be likely to sit and allow “Wooman, lovely Wooman” to stand? No, he would rise with much elegance (*and* Deportment) and with a graceful wave of his hand offer her his seat. Naturally, Turvey-

drop would expect thanks, if not a swan-like curtsy. What would he receive? Miss would drop into her seat with not one glance in his direction, and not one single word to acknowledge his politeness. This I see every day. Not Mr. Turveydrop, alas! I wish I could meet him, but other men not less polite than the Second Gentleman in Europe, who give up their seats and never hear one single "Thank you." When we say the Age of Chivalry is dead, we must remember that if it is so women, by their own offhand manners and rudeness, have killed the chivalrous feelings in Man. There is a saying, "Men worship women kneeling; when they rise to their feet they walk away." A Modern Girl would probably remark, "What awful rot! I don't want to be worshipped; I want to be a real good pal; I'm not a goddess." My dear young lady, you are *not*. Not in the very least like one; you never said a truer word. But why not cultivate a few goddess-like attributes? You sometimes hear the engaged youth say something like this: "Yes, she's an awful dear, but not a bit good-looking"; or, "She's too sweet for words, but, of course, she's not pretty." Well, the Modern Girl may like that sort of thing. I *don't*. Even when you know (with so many looking-glasses about) that plainness is your portion, it is more comforting to think that Love is not a looking-glass, but a dear blind god who thinks you beautiful. I quite appreciate the desire to be a "real good pal," but it is not a bad thing for

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a maiden to occasionally stay on her pedestal. "We needs must love the highest when we see it"; it is better to look up than down. A moth does not come to nearly so much grief when he fixes his affections on a star as when he becomes enamoured of a common candle. Let Love soar in reverent worship now and then; don't keep him always in bunkers. If the modern maid thinks it would be rather tiresome to have a lover writing sonnets to her eyebrow, she can let him carry the golf-clubs and hockey-sticks; such little useful attentions will not cause him to break into verse. After all, would it be such a very great bore to be worshipped; would it not be rather nice to have someone think everything we do perfect?

"What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so: so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that."

There speaks the true lover. Of course, all Angelinas do not sing; even if they did, ordering the dinner in a burst of song would be distinctly embarrassing for the cook. Still, it would be very nice if Edwin thought all his Angelina's "acts are Queens," and her dancing as beautiful and rhythmical as the little summer waves rippling to the shore. It is regrettable that many charming Angelinas dance as if they were gambolling porpoises

or sportive whales. Old Mr. Turveydrop was right about dancing; nothing will make a girl so graceful and light-footed, and give her such beautiful movements as good dancing lessons. Little children should be sent to a dancing class as soon as they can walk. Three years old is not at all too young to begin. Instinctively a baby dances almost before it can walk. Children dance with joy and dance with rage. We would very often like to do the same, especially the rage-dance, but the restraints of age and civilisation hold us fast. Women who are beautiful dancers invariably walk well and move gracefully, while a bad dancer is generally clumsy and awkward. How beautiful the old dances were! The stately minuet, with its sweeping curtseys, its courtly bows, my Lady sinking to the floor, my Lord bending over the little hand. What clicking of scarlet heels, what flashing of diamond buckles! Did swords flash in the garden afterwards, what matter—"You have injured a sweet lady, and I challenge you"—to wipe out an injury in heart's blood is a better way than wrangling in a court of law. If they danced bravely and wore their flaunting brocades and laces bravely, they could die bravely; and what can man do more, if he lives in an age of satin and velvet or an age of frock-coats and top hats? They knew something of dancing long ago, when even the highwayman could trip a stately measure. Was it not a coranto that Claude Duval danced on the heath? They have all passed away: the masked highwaymen,

the Beaus and Belles—"dainty, painted, powdered, and gay"—the gavottes, the minuets, and the corantos. A fascinating age to live in, full of romance and undoubtedly full of grace and Deportment. But there is no question that electric light is an improvement on tinder-box and rushlight, and though Dick Turpin is a charming person to read about, I rather doubt his being so very pleasant to meet. It is very unromantic, but even for the pleasure of dancing a coranto with an attractive highwayman I do not think many of us would care to exchange express trains for coaches. The coach stuck in the snow makes a pretty Christmas Number picture, but in reality it must have been an unpleasant and chilly experience. It is romantic to think that the first news of Waterloo and Trafalgar was the arrival of the coaches wreathed with evergreens. But there are points about a halfpenny newspaper after all. If we are in a hurry nowadays, and cannot go through life to stately minuet time, there is no need to rush to the other extreme and hustle and jostle and romp. We need not Kitchen Lancer if we have little leisure in which to imitate the Pavane. I shudder to think what would have happened if Turveydrop had seen a cake-walk. Would he have had a fit, or would he have died outright? If modern dancing has in some instances developed into a romp, there are still opportunities for a girl to show grace in her movements. A graceful waltzer is a very pretty sight, and there are many girls who dance charm-

ingly. Skirt-dancing is an excellent thing to teach young girls; even the most awkward young person can acquire a certain amount of grace. If parents look upon dancing as frivolous (can anyone be so silly?), and do not approve of balls and dances, they should still give their girls dancing lessons. You may think the outward appearance does not matter—

"Rags is but a cotton roll
Jes' for wrappin' up a soul,"

I know that is true, but, if you can, why not wrap up the beautiful soul and the kind heart in a graceful, attractive body? If it is important to *be* nice, it is nearly as important to *look* nice. I quite appreciate the good heart that moves about like an elephant let loose, but the good heart that moves like a deer will influence for greater good in the long run. Dancing lessons will help a girl to look charming and to be charming. You may be full of kindness and desire to make others happy, but if you cannot cross a room without knocking down a chair or two, or answer a question without turning crimson and glaring at the floor, people will never really believe in your good intentions. We can forgive men for being awkward and breaking things, they cannot help it. If you leave a man alone with a tea-table or a breakfast-table he seems to wreck it, but women have no business to be awkward—"wooman, lovely wooman," should be a model of all the graces. I can remember a dancing master who, like Prince Turveydrop ("it sounds like a

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dog, but of course he didn't christen himself"), played a little violin while he taught us to dance. Very vigorous taps he gave with the bow, too, when we were out of step or out of time. He was a Frenchman and almost as great a believer in Deportment as Turveydrop himself. It was *really* Deportment he taught, not merely dancing and what was then called Calisthenics. We were put through the most painful ordeals, compared with which walking on red-hot ploughshares would have seemed a pleasant pastime. He would seat himself in the middle of the room, and one by one we had to leave the room, return and present him with some costly gift that existed only in his imagination and ours. I privately made up my mind never, never to give a present as long as I lived! I do not think I can remember one girl ever leaving the room, returning and presenting her gift entirely to his satisfaction. But when he showed us how it should be done—Turveydrop was never in it! Such bows, such graceful, gliding steps, such smiles, such interest in the (imaginary) present; such apologies for it not being worthy of the recipient (some poor wight was the recipient, and accepted it all wrong!)—it was a wonderful and beautiful sight. I know now that the dear old man was not really hard on us, and that we were horribly awkward, ungainly, and self-conscious, but it was a weary time while it lasted. How pleased we were when the giving of imaginary gifts came to an end and we were once more allowed to dance—what do you think?—Mazurkas! Of course, we

danced other things, but the mazurka was a great favourite. There were other forms of tortures, such as introducing Monsieur to a friend, when he was so elegant and so Deportmental that your tongue clove to the roof of your mouth and all bows went out of your head. It seems almost superfluous to say so, but I suppose every girl knows that you never introduce a lady to a gentleman. I have heard girls say to a girl friend: "I'll introduce you to Mr. Smith." This is, of course, absolutely and entirely wrong. However, I am not writing a book on etiquette; you can buy one for a shilling at a bookstall, and you will cull some most remarkable information. Another thing Monsieur was most particular about; how would you enter and leave a carriage? I cannot imagine either Monsieur or Mr. Turveydrop in a Motor; only very "Cee-springy" high barouches would be worthy of them. All the same, people do bundle into carriages in a most inelegant manner. There must be no catching of feet in the front frills and pitching into the vehicle head first. Your movements must be slow and deliberate (hurry is ever ungraceful), but not awkward—which reminds me of the old Highlander who broke his leg getting into his own pony-trap. When asked how he managed to do such a thing he said: "Weel, ye see I wass gettin' in deleeberately but aakwardly"! Don't be "aakward." Once in the carriage, do sit properly; don't lounge and don't loll. Lavvy Wilfer's injunction to her mother, "Loll, Ma, loll," is not in the least wanted, girls

are only too ready to loll. It is a great pleasure to see some women driving, they sit so beautifully erect. No one sits more gracefully or bows more exquisitely than our own Queen Alexandra. If Turveydrop could only see her he would no longer think Deportment in a bad way. There are a good many other things girls should remember if they wish to be considered well mannered and well bred. A very important one is, look at the person you are addressing. Don't stare at them, which is quite different, but look them politely but squarely in the face. It is very often shyness that makes young people fix their gaze on the floor or the chair legs, but try not to be shy. Shyness is better than overpowering cheek, but there is such a thing as being too shy. If anyone speaks to you look at them when you answer and de-appear to take a reasonable interest in what they are saying. It is most embarrassing to talk to a person whose wits are obviously wool-gathering or who is looking out of the window. Children should be taught to speak clearly and distinctly and to answer at once when spoken to. So many people mumble and gurgle and grunt that it is almost impossible to make out one word they say. Quite likely it is no loss, but still you never know. Parents should see to it that their children's throats, tongues, noses, and ears are all in proper working order, and that they neither have too many teeth nor teeth in the wrong places. If children have nothing wrong and yet speak indistinctly and sloppily, then they should be firmly

and strictly treated. It is maddening to anyone who is a little deaf when people mumble into their chests. Hold your head up and speak out. Choose something in the way of a voice that is neither "a horrible yell," like King Borrioborrioboo's laugh, nor a little peepy-weepy whisper. If you are good-hearted, you will wish to please, and will appear to take an intelligent interest in what is said to you, even if you are bored. Manners, like everything else, mean thinking of other people. Think all the time of yourself, and your manners will not be a success. Because, you see, *you* are not Gentleman Turveydrop. He had magnificent manners, and yet never thought of anyone but himself. He was a colossal monument of absolute selfishness. Lazy and selfish, yes, but we must forgive him. Has he not given us infinite pleasure and infinite amusement? With all his faults I love him still. I sometimes dream of meeting him, of hearing him say, with a killing glance and a low bow, "Distinguished by your presence." In my dreams he is always at Brighton, always Deportmentally passing the Pavilion, that abode of the First Gentleman in Europe, whose celebrated remarks when he saw the Second Gentleman are so well known: "Who is he? Who the devil is he? Why don't I know him? Why hasn't he thirty thousand a year?"

VISITORS AND VISITED

LONG ago there was a well-known form of entertainment that has, I fear, gone to join many other good old-fashioned things in the Kingdom of the Dodo. It was called Spending the Day. Very often the invitation was worded, "Come and spend a long day," or, "Be sure and come early," but no mention was ever made of food. Naturally you could not exist from 11 a.m. (when you arrived) till 6 p.m. (when you departed) without food, but you were not specifically bidden to either luncheon or tea, these were understood to be part of the Spent Day. It was delightful; it was leisurely and particularly attractive to elderly ladies and small children; the former carried caps and knitting in round baskets not unlike Japanese straw tea-cosies, and the latter had their white pinafores and strapped shoes carried for them. I am not at all sure that the invitation was not conditional as to weather; you went if the day was fine, if it were wet you went another day, but you always went. It was not merely an invitation for asking's sake—ask them and get it over—but you were really expected, and I do believe the hostess was disappointed if you could not go. For children it was ideal, especially if the visited owned a

garden or a swing ; sometimes they even had a pond, damp but entrancing. You were deposited by a nurse early in the morning, and retrieved by her in the evening, and you invariably returned home breathing through wool. I cannot remember if all my happy spent days had remarkably cold evenings, but I do remember the wet, fluffy taste of grey Shetland shawl. A wonderful shawl that wound round and round till I looked like a grey parcel, and that ended in a tight, hard knot somewhere about the middle of my back. Bar the shawl, they were very happy days, full of simple, homegrown pleasures and very simple, wholesome food. I do not think the plain roast mutton dinner and the ordinary old-fashioned nursery games would appeal to the modern up-to-date child. Wyemarke would be distinctly bored with the Fairchilds, though possibly interested in the extensive wardrobe of Miss Augusta Noble, whose pearl necklace, pink silk sash, and embroidered muslin made poor Lucy so envious. Imagine a Spend-the-Day Party given by Anna Ross (the orphan of Waterloo) to such a mixed assemblage as Little Henry (His Bearer left in the hall), Harry, and Laura, accompanied by the faithful Peter Gray, Harvey Cheyne, full of cheek and dollars, and Miss Tempe Vero-Taylor, our latest modern child. What a party! Only a really sensible, strong-minded person like Little Orphant Annie could keep them all in order. Well! well! we must go with the times, and if we have a sneaking fondness for Henry Fairchild

or Pet Ainslie we have still to own that the nowadays story-book children are often very fascinating and amusing little personages; still, they *are* personages, and the old-fashioned kind were just children. Paul Dombey knew more than Dr. Blimber—"I'd rather be a child"—but of course there will always be the Blimberian point of view. If neither grown-ups nor children care for anything so mild and tame and peaceful as "spending long days," both of them have plenty of other entertainments offered them. For one thing, the grown-ups have infinitely more invitations to stay away from home. Why people are so anxious to leave their own comfortable firesides—was it Oliver Wendell Holmes whose definition of Happiness was four feet on the fender?—and scuttle off to stay with all and sundry, I cannot imagine. To begin with, if you take up the rôle of visitor, you must possess a wonderful fund of accommodating amiability. I know this is true, because I once heard someone described as "a nice, pleasant, civil little woman who need never unpack her boxes"! So, you see, if you want to be in great request and always leave your best hat in your hat-box and your smartest evening frock in your compressed cane trunk, you must be nice, pleasant, and civil. That is if you are going visiting among ordinary people; if you are fortunate enough (or unfortunate, just as you prefer to regard it) to visit eccentric, out-of-the-way individuals, civility and pleasantness are not so important. The hours will be vague and the meals sketchy,

but the conversation will be infinitely more entertaining. I do not know which is the worst, a visitor with very pronounced opinions or one who has no views at all. The latter is very irritating. When a hostess politely asks you, "Will you walk or drive?" don't keep on murmuring, "Whichever you like"; or, "It's quite the same to me." Do have a mind of your own. She would not have asked you if she did not wish to know. In all probability she will be bored anyway, so you may as well choose for yourself. If a hostess is much troubled with invertebrate guests who will not express an opinion, her best plan is just to cart them about with her like parcels where she wants to go herself. Of course there is such a thing as having too much opinion, and that visiting girls should avoid. Older women much dislike the "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark" attitude of chits of seventeen or eighteen. It does not sound very pretty to hear the youngest member of a party laying down the law, and though your hostess may be too kind to say so, she may feel a great desire to box your ears. There must surely be a happy medium, a sort of safe middle course between the "forrardsome" visitor who *will* put on coal and poke your fire, and the shy guest who is too nervous to eat and so frightened that she chooses a high, uncomfortable chair and glues herself in it to the wall. On the whole, I would rather have the young visitor a little bit shy at first; it will wear off in time, whereas

the Bouncer, who makes herself painfully much at home, bounces worse as the visit goes on, till you begin to think you are staying with her, and not the other way about. One thing is quite essential: you must be punctual. As you grow older you can become pleasantly unpunctual, if you like, say, five minutes' grace every ten years from thirty upwards; this would allow you twenty-five minutes to be late in when you are eighty! All the unpleasant virtues have to be practised when young, and Punctuality is an important one. In many households to be late for breakfast is a positive crime. If a guest knows this (the host generally makes it fairly plain) it is absolutely inexcusable to dawdle down ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after everyone else. The young men and maidens who have so little regard for their hostess and her domestic arrangements as to appear expecting breakfast about eleven, may be very smart and very charming, but they are remarkably inconsiderate and rude young people. Of course if people are going to give you your breakfast at 7.45 a.m., they should have it printed on their notepaper, and not spring it on you when you arrive. Still, whatever the hour, you must be punctual. Do not, however, cultivate "too soonism," which some people have in a very aggravated and alarming form. These are the people who like a full hour in the station before the train starts, and who arrive ten minutes before the dinner-hour—a practice that does not endear you to your hostess. Neither does she exactly love you when

you come down half an hour before the gong sounds in the morning, and prowls hungrily among the flower-beds just under her bedroom window. It tends to make her hurry, which is a bad beginning to the day. If you "sow hurry" in the early morning, you will inevitably "reap indigestion" in the afternoon. If you must have an early garden-ramble, keep out of sight of the house. Do not look reproaches and starvation at your hostess should she be rather late. There are so many patent foods in tablet and biscuit form, you can easily nibble away the pangs of hunger, even when staying with unpunctual people, or in a house where breakfast is much later than you have it at home. Personally, I am looking for that house, for wherever I go, they seem to breakfast at daybreak sharp. After the morning meal the Good Guest writes letters—many, many letters—and she keeps out of her hostess' way. The Bad Guest hangs about wondering what is going to be done for her amusement. A very very Bad Guest asks, "What are the plans for the day?" or spends her time trying over your music. The last is a brain-racking performance, but mercifully it is confined to people under five-and-twenty. Should a six-and-twenty-year-old attempt it, you are quite justified in locking the piano and hiding the key. The combination of visitors and a pianola produces suffering almost akin to what one endures with piano-organs and "Hiawatha." It would not be so cruel if only the pianola wrote its own music, or if the embryo performers

could manage the time; but Beethoven's "Funeral March" *quick*, and Schumann's "Arabesque" *slow*, are rather trying to listen to. The Good Guest never wants to touch a pianola—too much sense. The crowning virtue of the Good Guest is difficult of attainment, I know, but it's worth attempting: she leaves while you still wish her to stay, and she takes everything belonging to her with her. The best guest in the world, with the most delightful manners, spoils her visit if she leaves behind her a pair of boot-trees, a black evening bodice, a sponge, a couple of songs, and an umbrella. Now, just for a moment think of that parcel. Can you wed boot-trees in three pieces to an umbrella? Will the sponge roll up in the songs? Tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, and handkerchiefs are comparatively easy to get rid of; but an umbrella—and yet sticks and umbrellas are more often left than anything else. There is a pretty old saying something about leaving things behind you means you will come back. I do not advise you to risk it, at least not with boot-trees; a skirt, or a blouse, or something simple and easily parcel posted *might* ensure another invitation, but sponges are damp and depressing, and a Kodak would, I think, end a friendship of years. Also the good guest does not take away other people's things. This is not "kleptomania" so much as inadvertence; you borrow a shawl, or a lace scarf, or a sash, and you or your maid carefully pack it away among your things. If by any chance you are packed by your

hostess' maid or the housemaid, you will be quite sure to take pretty nearly everything in the room but the heavy furniture. Maids and footmen have a pleasant way of not knowing their mistress' and master's belongings, and will cheerfully pack large heavy tomes bearing your host's crest, name, and book-plate; or china ornaments from the mantelpiece (as if you were likely to carry about spare bedroom china!). Sometimes, in a burst of generosity, they put in photograph frames or a blotter! It is always wisest to pack yourself, or at least to watch the operation. No; the Good Guest takes her own things, and all of them; she goes on the day she covenanted to leave, and she chooses trains, if possible, that are neither in the middle of the night nor in the small hours of the morning. So much for the Good Guest. What about the good hostess? She must study her visitors' idiosyncrasies as far as possible, and she must make them physically comfortable and mentally happy. This is done by not leaving everything to servants, but looking through her guest-chambers herself. Physical miseries are caused by a feather bed, a looking-glass at such an angle that you cannot see, a chest of drawers where the drawers will not work, no matches or candles (never mind the Electric Light, it sometimes goes out), a broken bell, or one that only rings when it has the mind to, and, worst of all, hot water that is not hot but tepid. Your guest will be mentally miserable if she is given a nibless pen, no blotting-paper, or a bit like what

they use in post-offices, dried-up ink, no flowers or prettinesses, and no books but an old Bradshaw and a Stores List. There *is* a lower depth than this, and that is the guest-chamber that is a kind of wardrobe-room for all the household. The hanging cupboard, wardrobe, chest of drawers, and writing-table are intended for the passing stranger and not for the family. It is very disconcerting for the guest to find Mary's summer frocks, Ethel's hats, and Selina's ball gowns in the places where she fondly hoped to put her own garments. Keep your spare room (it's mostly the people with only one who cram it full) swept and garnished, and not full of useless stuffery. There is a deeper depth of degradation even than filling the cupboards, and that is putting cardboard boxes under the bed. From a dust-collecting point of view it is appalling, and from a sanitary point of view—no fresh air can blow about the bed—it is even worse. I read an article lately about some hostess who, to test her guest-chambers, slept in them each in turn, and was grievously dismayed to find so many things wrong with them. You are very often much more comfortable in a tiny house where the mistress looks after things herself than in a huge establishment where everything is left entirely to servants, whose ideas of comfort are in one particular like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—they are *peculiar*. A bad hostess harries her unfortunate guests from morning till night; they never have a moment's peace; I believe there are women who would even show you albums

rather than leave you alone. A good hostess provides a certain amount of entertainment for her guests, but also leaves them a good deal to their own devices. If you have a party of people they will amuse themselves; a wise hostess asks those who either want to know each other or who are friends already. The most ideal house to stay in is one where you are not bothered nor trailed about to be shown things; to a poor tired-out, dusty town person it is treat enough to be in the country. All they want to do is sit still and enjoy the sunshine and the greenness, "annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade." A wise hostess does not chase a town person to country garden-parties, or insist on asking everybody in the neighbourhood to tea; she just leaves them to do nothing. It's a real holiday to many people to "have nothing to do and do it." A country visit is quite spoilt if you have to dress up, drive miles in the dust to drink weak tea and eat cress sandwiches with people you have never seen before and probably hope you will never see again. Give the town visitor a real good dose of simple country delights, and she will bless you for it. The Town Hostess must remember that the Country Cousin *wants* to be taken about to see everything and everybody and cram as much as she possibly can into her London fortnight. If you find Sleepy Hollow a fascinating place for a few weeks, the Sleepy Hollowite finds Town infinitely more fascinating. She is just panting to go to all the plays. If you are a really nice, do-as-

you-would-be-done-by hostess, you will take her to as many theatres as you can manage; to the plays *she* wants to see, even if you have seen them two or three times already. Living in a town, you have no idea how attractive shop windows are to the country cousin. Possibly the only shop window she knows intimately displays clay pipes, bacon, mixed biscuits, notepaper, local postcards, and Colman's starch; is it to be wondered at if she finds Bond Street enthralling? Give your country cousin a good time, even if you do feel her departure rather a relief. Lady Violet Greville says it is pathetic to think how anxious everyone is to have a good time; how we look forward to it, and how we are sure to have it next time if this has been a failure. Truly we all want to enjoy ourselves, and I hope we all want to make other people enjoy themselves. A selfish hostess will not give her guests a good time, and a selfish guest, especially if she is discontented—selfish people generally are—will make her poor hostess very unhappy. So, you see, either as Visitor or Visited you must try to think of other people's happiness before your own. If you are very busy making others happy, you haven't time to think whether you are happy or not; whereas if you are always thinking about yourself and how things affect you, you will be in a continual state of fret and misery. Life is full of small jars that have an unpleasant way of cropping up just when we least expect them. Like the poor old fiddler, we must take no notice, but "just rosin again and go

on." If we are to play a good tune and a Merry, Happy Tune, we must rosin our bows with love and thought for others. You need not make a door-mat of yourself, to let people wipe their feet on you and walk over you ; that only makes other people exacting and selfish, but you must play a good tune and keep a brave face. Does not Thackeray tell us that the world reflects like a looking-glass the face we show to it? Smiles beget smiles ; a glum, grumpy face sees nothing round it but glumness and grumpiness. So the girl who wants to be a welcome and valued visitor must arrive with a smile and leave with a smile, and, one last word—"don't forget to pack your manners in your portmanteau !"

GENERAL ORDER AND COLONEL TIDY

DO people still read those sweet and simple stories, *Madame Liberty*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, *Jackanapes*, and *The Story of a Short Life*? It is in the latter that the short-lived little Leonard christens the Soldier Orderly "The Tidy One." "Mon Brave" naturally connected order and tidiness together, also he thought it a very nice name. Poor little "Mon Brave," with his heartfelt resolutions to be "contented with my lot," and his book of poor things that began with the Blind Organ Tuner. As far as I can remember, "The Tidy One" left the Army, married Jemima, and turned out a most satisfactory husband on every day in the year except the Seventeenth of March. But it would be a hard thing if an Irishman was not allowed a fling on Saint Patrick's Day. Leonard is not the only person who thinks order and tidiness are the same thing. They are in some ways, but not in all; order means more than merely being tidy. "Order is Heaven's First Law," but the word tidy seems more applicable to the back parlour. A chair tidy is not quite such a terrible word as an

antimacassar, but it runs it pretty close. We can have all things done decently and in order, and yet have a certain amount of pleasant untidiness. Rooms can be too tidy. Chairs placed with mathematical precision, ornaments in pairs, and books arranged in patterns like a glass jar of biscuits at a railway refreshment-room produce a most depressing effect. Artistic draperies need not really be any more dusty nor dirty than white-tatted covers. A pair of woolly mats will collect quite as much dust—nay, more—than a piece of pretty silk that can wash. All the soft Indian and China silks wash, even the thinnest gauzes; carefully washed, even chiffon emerges triumphant from a warm-water bath. Rooms can be too neat and tidy, but people can *not*. Girls especially should see to it that there is no distressing hiatus between belt and skirt, no holes in their gloves and no holes in their stockings. When your toes come through it is pleasant to think “There is a letter in the post for me,” but it is not tidy, and—the letter may be a Bill! The well-known formula, “Is Ann Smith clean in her work and person?” ought to apply to everybody. You may be as untidy as you like in your pleasures and amusements, but when it comes to Work it is another matter. Then, General Order must call up Colonel Tidy; the gallant Colonel must send for Major Method, Captain Punctuality, those able Lieutenants Exactness and Attention, and most important of all, Corporal Concentration. He is really the most necessary in any work

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that we undertake, and speaking from sad personal experience, he is the most difficult to keep at Drill. If you do not watch, out he will be off to listen to the Band! The raw recruits Cleverness, Ability, Good Memory, and Easily Learn are very little use without the Corporal. Indeed, with Concentration's aid, Peter Plodding and Simon Stupid may make a better appearance on the parade ground than Benjamin Brilliant. Very often the Trust-to-Luck Ambulance breaks down, and Sudden Spurt and Work-against-Time are not horses that can be relied on. I believe almost anything can be done with concentration, and very little without it. No work will come to a successful issue minus method. Take Music, for instance, music that is the food of love, that can calm savage breasts; we know perfectly well that beautiful music is arrived at by concentrated methodical hard work. A great pianist has genius and inspiration, but he cannot play correctly with these alone. He must work, and work with method. I know quite well there is much playing that gives no pleasure, even though it shows most meritorious painstaking practice. We say an ounce of inspiration is worth a pound of practising. But playing all inspiration and wrong notes is most irritating, because it is so obvious that all that is wanted is a little trouble and a few scales. Talking of music, inspired or otherwise (it is generally devoid of both method *and* inspiration), what a pity it is so many girls give up their music when they leave the schoolroom and become "out"

young women! It seems so foolish to spend time and money—often much money—on the cultivation of a talent, and then throw it all on one side. Every girl and boy should be given piano lessons, and if they show any desire for them, violin lessons; but a year will show whether they have any music in them or not, and if it is *not*, let the lessons cease. I do not mean let them cease if the children are careless, or idle, or inattentive; only if they are really like the people who know “God Save the King” because hats go off and the populace stands up. It is no disgrace not to know one tune from another, nor to prefer “Pansy Faces” to Wagner. Much better to sit peacefully and say you are unmusical, than sing out of tune. George II. cheerfully owned he could not stand poetry and painting. Taking him all round, he was not half a bad sort of King, and he certainly had the courage of his opinions. There are people who have equal courage, and honestly say they dislike music; to them it is nothing but noise. Now, is it much use making a girl of this kind spend hours practising “La Fileuse” and Beethoven’s Sonatas? Truly, I think it is a waste of time. The unmusical girl may have distinct talent for Botany, Astronomy, or Mathematics; do let her follow her own bent, and do not look reproachful because she cannot play that charming air, “*Pour faire causer le Monde.*” Every individual has some particular talent, and though plain lessons must not be neglected, the particular talent should be cultivated. Plain lessons

—like French, Grammar, Arithmetic, and Spelling—must be coped with, however much we hate them; but there is no *must* about music or painting. I was conscientiously instructed in Water-colours and Freehand Drawing; much good it did me! I frequently implored to be allowed to do something else. I should have been proud to spend my time on Literature or History; not a bit of it, to the painting class I *had* to go. We must certainly cultivate any small talents we may have, but everyone cannot have the same gifts. It is not advisable to turn people out all after the same pattern. Penny pies are monotonous eating. Talents must be born in us, but make allowance for the tastes of early childhood. The most unmusical infant will rejoice in a trumpet or an ear-deafening drum. If the child was always father to the man, what a number of Artists there would be! For what small person can resist the joys of paints—the entrancing pleasures of smearing Crimson Lake and Prussian Blue over their picture-books or covering reams of paper with large families who are drawn with faces all gazing in one direction and the most remarkable limbs? You may give indications of great genius in childhood (noticeable chiefly to your father and mother), but genius has an unpleasant trick of disappearing with advancing years. However, if you do possess a talent, even if you have genius, remember that all genius and talent require continued effort and serious hard work. Methodical people are often very tiresome; there is no

doubt that scatter-brained folk are distinctly attractive, but neither Scatterbrainia nor Methodibus should allow their virtues or their faults to get the upper hand. It is aggravating to see Madame Method putting the chair exactly straight that you have left slightly crooked, or find her laboriously packing up papers that you have left with intention in "admired disorder." But it is just as aggravating to spend a hot and hurried hour looking for Scatterbrainia's purse, or writing out advertisements for the umbrellas, bags, and boxes that she has lost. Some women's railway journeys are conducted through a continuous shower of telegrams, telephone messages, and half-crowns. Do you remember that very charming person who joined the expedition to Hunt the Snark?

"There was one who was famed for the number of things
He forgot when he entered the ship ;
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

"The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because
He had seven coats on when he came,
With three pair of boots—but the worst of it was
He had wholly forgotten his name."

Unquestionably his was a bad case. But there are many girls who are almost as annoying, and who think "I am so sorry, I quite forgot" an adequate explanation and excuse. Of course we do forget constantly, and young things have very short memories, but it is well to *try* not to forget. The Snark Hunter is described in

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unflattering terms: "His form is ungainly, his intellect small." He, however, possessed one excellent quality—"his courage is perfect." Now, many sweet and charming girls of "human form divine" and with quite colossal intellects suffer from forgetfulness. I only hope they have such perfect courage that they own up to their delinquencies at once. To forget to post an important letter, hold your tongue about it and post it three days late is positively criminal. We know "evil is wrought by want of thought," and often the very kindest, nicest people are the most unreliable. But it is a wonderful thing to be able to rely upon anyone absolutely. To know their word is their bond; that, far from being piecrusty, their promises are made of quite unbreakable materials. Never make a promise if you mean to break it. It is often forgetfulness, not wilful promise-breaking; but the old song says it is sweeter to remember, and it is assuredly better to do all you have undertaken than forget all about it. The hens "a' laid away" because that very upsetting, conceited person John Grumlie forgot to call them in. We may think ourselves quite capable of doing more work in one day than other people do in three, but we will lose our eggs if we forget to shut up the hens. It is extremely easy to "disremember" all the hundred and one odd things, little duties, messages, and small shoppings that come into everyday life, but we must try to exercise our memories and improve them. The very forgetful waste an enormous amount of time, and so do

the people who never know where they put anything. Hours are lost daily looking for gloves, purses, and pocket-handkerchiefs. It may be slightly monotonous and painfully correct to have "a place for everything and everything in its place," but it really saves a great deal of time. There are certain wrong places for things that we can indulge in, such as books piled up on the floor. This is most attractive, even if we occasionally have to jump over them. Another pleasing habit is to collect large quantities of newspapers and magazines and hide them behind sofas or under the piano. These evil ways do not do much harm, though they show you are not scrupulously drilled by Colonel Tidy. There are other untidy ways that are positively dangerous. Poisonous compounds and liquids should never be left lying about, they should always have a place entirely to themselves. Most of all, they should not be with other bottles. Never give anyone a dose of medicine from even the most well-known bottle without giving a good look at it first. All drugs are better to be treated with suspicion and always with accuracy. There are very grave results when bottles are picked up at random, or doses given by guesswork and not by measurement. The wise woman has a place for all her remedies; the First Aids to the Injured that are wanted with appalling frequency in even the best regulated families. It is a terribly stupid thing to go hunting about from the bathroom to the coalcellar for oil and cotton-wool, or bandages, or "New Skin," while the

cut, scratched, or burnt members of the household are wailing out reproaches because nothing can be found. You become more and more agitated while you empty drawers and cupboards, till someone discovers the Carron Oil behind the dining-room clock or the "New Skin" on a bookshelf. You must really *know* where things are, not merely guess where you saw them last. For inanimate things, unless very severely dealt with, have a surprising way of developing legs and going off by themselves. Especially matchboxes. Nothing is so peripatetic as a matchbox, and nothing is so fond of company. When you do run a box of matches to earth in the most out-of-the-way place, he is always surrounded by half a dozen of his friends and relatives. Who moves matchboxes and time-tables and telegraph forms? Why, of course, they are taken away by that irritating Mr. Nobody. He is responsible for all the minor ills of existence.

"He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody."

It does not do to let Mr. Nobody have it all his own way. Try and circumvent him by putting things away. Also, do have some sort of receptacle for such useful

commodities as paper and string. I find it quite impossible to get through the day without string. It is much better to buy decent balls of string than struggle with parcel string that is wearing to the patience, and even when kept rolled up in a neat packet is apt to be knotted and of unequal strength. There are some houses where to ask for a piece of string causes a domestic upheaval; where all the time-tables are six months old. Some day I hope to be rich enough to have sheets of stamps of all values from sixpence to a half-penny. It would be delightful. Still, we can all have a shilling's worth to come and go upon. It must be very uncomfortable to live as some people do, *sans* stamps, *sans* labels, *sans* string, and *sans* everything. Half their lives seems to be given up to finding the ordinary little things that are neither worth mislaying nor worth looking for. Of course we all have weaknesses; mine is putting on coal. I strive against it, and I *never* touch other people's fires. But, on a cold day, I could sit for hours on the hearthrug building up beautiful very hot fires. I wish I had a cheaper vice, for coal is expensive; but once you become a real stoker it is an absorbing passion. It is much worse to let fires go black out; this people frequently do. It causes an immense amount of trouble and a terrible wastage of sticks. Besides, it is quite easy to ring the bell. The bell-ringing I cannot do, for it quite breaks my heart not to be able to play with the fire. Talking of trouble, I wish all girls when they go a-visiting would

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try and give as little trouble as possible. Take Colonel Tidy's Rules and Regulations with you, and do keep your room neat and tidy. It is such a shame to give even one of three housemaids extra work, and most inconsiderate where the household consists of one little maid. If you are a very untidy person, you can get up a little earlier and put all your things away. Never give more trouble than you can help. When you become one of the travelling public, especially the sea-going public, you must be very methodical and tidy in your ways. There is not much room in a ship's cabin for litter and rubbish. Do not take more than you really require, for there will be no place to put it. If you share your cabin with some strange woman, do consider *her* a little; do not think of yourself first all the time. The travelled traveller soon gets into the way of taking about with her the "much in little." The seasoned sailor does not start off in muslin skirts and a large flopping hat. She will be neat, trim, and workmanlike, and will manage to make the most of the small space at her command by all sorts of ingenious room-saving contrivances. Why, even if you are going a short railway journey an untidy fellow-passenger can make your life unbearable by dropping bags on your head and strewing her paraphernalia over the whole carriage. It is just the same in our journey through life. We cannot have all the place to ourselves, and we are not entitled to much more luggage than other people. If by right of genius or some other great gift we are allowed an over-

weight of luggage, we need not drop it on the other people's toes. I believe there are all sorts of ways of learning to become tidy, methodical, and orderly. One way is to think a little bit of our fellow-creatures' comfort and not take the lion's share of cushions and space !

JENNY WREN AND FINE FEATHERS

IF anyone ever had a thoroughly suitable, sensible, workaday dress, it is Jenny Wren. Her plain brown coat and skirt is so useful and comfortable and so well adapted to all weathers that she never needs to trouble about her clothes. Really, she has no time; for a more busy, active, bustling little creature never lived. On cold winter mornings, when depressed robins sit with drooping heads sadly watching the bright colour fade in their smart waistcoats, Mistress Jenny gaily hops about from twig to twig, and scolds the robins roundly for their melancholy aspect. She is so merry and bright that she even infuses a little energy into the dejected-looking sparrows, and cheers the whole garden with her happy song. Brave little brown bird, you are no mere fair-weather friend, only staying here when the air is soft and the skies are clear, you make your home with us the whole year round, and help to brighten the sunless, dreary days. When the swallows are fussily packing up for their annual trip to the Nile, Jenny is planning out how she will amuse us during the winter months. She watches the last bachelor swallow, who has been giving a farewell party to some Northern friends, sail away to the South, and then she sings us a pert little song, "Never

mind, never mind, let him go to the sunshine and the flowers. What does it matter? I am here, I am here, and will never desert you." Nature coloured the Macaw's feathers, and gave him a shriek that is fearsome; she makes a dowdy little brown bird a pleasant companion. All human Macaws do not shriek at you, though their garments have that tendency, and all dowdy Jenny Wrens are not agreeable to meet. The art in dressing is neither to be Macawish and conspicuous, nor to stick to the brown feathers on occasions when their very plainness makes you as conspicuous as if you were coloured like the Dyer's Poodle. The Mikado was very anxious "to make the punishment fit the crime"; women should be equally anxious to make their costumes fit their environment. At present there is a wave (literally waving) of absolute unsuitability going over the country—the loose, floating lace veil. It may have looked charming thrown over our great-grandmothers' white beaver bonnets (by the way, Fanny Squeers had the same kind of veil, only green, on *her* brown beaver, when we rather gather it was unattractive), but copied in cheap materials, streaming in the wind, it is not only ridiculous, but hideously unbecoming. I do not say anything about the discomfort of trailing lace or net flapping about your ears, because we all know the old saying about suffering to be beautiful. Unnecessary physical suffering never produced beauty yet, and never will. You have only to look at a tightly laced girt-in figure to see that; a pin-cushion chest is the result, and

a painted smile of misery painful to witness. Do not go to the other extreme and robe yourself in a floppy sack, it is just as ugly to have your clothes too loose as too tight. Every girl and woman ought to want to make herself as nice to look at as possible. It is by no means a question of money: many of the richest women are mere blots on the landscape—their wealth only serving to let them pile more uglinesses on to them. A girl with a small dress allowance must plan it out carefully—the best results from the smallest outlay. She must never be led astray into buying anything “kenspeckled,” which reminds me of an American story about a girl who with little to spend invested quite a large number of dollars in bronze boots. At first she thought them bronzily “a thing of Beauty”; far from remaining “a joy for ever,” she grew to loathe them, and fervently wished they could “fade into nothingness,” and let her have her money back. Avoid bronze boots, very elaborate hats, scarlet coats, and large checks. A red coat looks, and is, charming if you have half a dozen, but if one coat is your portion, both you and your friends would be deadly sick of your Mephistophelian garment by the end of the winter. I say winter advisedly; surely no one would be so far left to themselves as to wear red in summer. I know it sounds very dull, and witty journalists say caustic things about an Englishwoman’s Livery; but for a badly off girl there is nothing like dark blue serge. It wears for ever, it does not cockle or shrink with the damp, and you can

brighten it or depress it just as you want to with blouses, collars, belts, ties, and hats. It is a good foundation-stone on which to build. One other thing, poor people cannot afford to go to sales. Shopkeepers are not Philanthropists: why should they be? Their Sacrificial Reductions and attractive bargains are very often great failures when you see them in the cold light of the next day away from the crowd and electric light. You can, of course, buy materials cheaper during Sale Time, but probably you buy yards of stuff you do not really want at the time and will never use. To buy material to keep is simply idiotic. As for the French Model Gowns that go for half-price, they are never fresh: how could they be? They have stood gracefully in the show room from the first day when you were invited "to inspect our choice goods from the Paris markets" till the day when they are no longer worthy of a stand, but are ignominiously piled on a sofa. People with plenty of money (and time) to waste can buy rubbish at sales to throw away afterwards if they like, but the small-allowanced girl is wiser to leave the remnant counter alone. Nothing looks worse than crushed and tawdry finery, yet some women seem to imagine the faded four-guinea hat bought ("Such a bargain, dear!") at twenty-seven and six must look as well as when it was first tried on. Think how often it *has* been tried on; that ought to cool the bargain hunter's ardour. As far as possible, everyone should try to look fresh and clean, especially young girls. Washing materials

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are marvellously cheap. A white flannel blouse *clean* looks infinitely better than a satin confection that is manifestly *soiled*. There is no need to run up enormous laundry bills while you have two hands, a tin of "Sapon," and a bath with a hot-water tap. Any girl can buy for three shillings enough really charmingly sprigged or flowered delaine to make a fresh and dainty blouse which she can wash herself when it is dirty.

The other day a friend said to me what I thought was sadly true: "In England we are all desperately afraid of being able to use our hands, and terribly ashamed of being caught working." Why do women want to be "discovered" (as they say in stage directions) sitting on a chair doing nothing and "looking frae them like Jock the Laird's brither"? To call on people and find them all sitting about in "elegant idleness" is anything but inspiring. I would much rather find my hostess making curtains or nailing down the carpet than podgily clasping her hands in front of her. Are we ashamed of work? We must be, or why do people apologise for opening their front door? It's their own door, and they are quite at liberty to open it or bang it in my face as they feel inclined. Who cares one straw if the cook has gone to see a sick aunt and the parlourmaid is away for a holiday? I do not see the use of keeping a dog and barking myself, so I do not persistently open the front door; but I should not apologise even if I found a Bishop or a Publisher on the doorstep!

Girls! do not be ashamed of using your fingers. "Can do" is easily carried about, and a much better companion than what the Chinaman calls "No can do no savvy." If a girl goes out a good deal, has no maid and a small allowance, she must learn to make her own frocks. By the way, what *is* a small allowance? I should say £15 a year; but a smart society maiden would probably say £500, so it really is a question of degree. Also it is a question of tips and presents. Seraphina, with £30, a rich aunt, and a clever maid, will make a better show than Iolanthe with £150, no maid, and never a tip. If you live in the country you do not require half the money you would have to spend in London. Parents who can afford it should give their girls a good allowance and let them have plenty of pretty things.

We are only really young once. "Autumn's best Light" may bring us a second youth, a sort of Indian Summer, but there is none of "the wild freshness of Morning," nothing of that delightful irresponsibility that belongs to Youth alone. We may "pass for thirty-five in the dusk with the light behind us," but we cannot face the full flood of the noontide sun. We may have young hearts, but the elasticity has left our steps; we are laggards in the race. Rose-crowned Youth flashes past us on the white road—Youth the Conqueror! whose radiant eyes do not see the milestones by the way. Let him deck himself with green and gold, and wreath his

chariot with flowers; soon enough comes the day when his face is veiled and he creeps along in the shadows. The young love what is bright and pretty : let them have it. For a Mother to dress herself in the height of the fashion and give her daughter poor shabby clothes is a depth of meanness I do not like to think about. It is too contemptible for a mother to be jealous of the pretty young face and begrudge it its little triumphs. Women want to eat their cake and have it too. Kept cake gives you indigestion. They want to have the best in Youth and the best in Age, totally forgetting in their inane stupidity that clinging to the rags of Youth only spoils their Old Age and makes it ridiculous. It is much better to grow old gracefully and charmingly than to pant heavily after Youth who has spread his golden pinions and is sailing airily away. Wigs will not catch him, nor bottles of hair-dye, and he is not to be entrapped by the most skittish white muslin and babyish toque. A woman who knows how to grow old lures Youth back by the very reasonableness of her Beauty; he will touch the white hair with his wings, and bring a soft flush to the cheek, and a light in the tired eyes. Old Age can and ought to be beautiful, full of sympathy for the young things whose stumbling feet are just beginning to feel their way, full of wise counsels and tenderness for mistakes, never forgetting that though experience teaches, yet the road of experience is a hard one to travel. Old Age should want to pick up the flints and clear the

road, not put obstacles in the way. Do you remember that most beautiful of old gentlewomen, Madam De Florac? Certainly she was French, but we all know other English Madame De Floracs who are just as charming.

There is one other thing I would like to say about girls' dress allowances. What are they expected to cover? Is it to be everything, including stamps, railway journeys, tips to servants, and presents, or does it only mean actual hats, clothes, and boots? Parents should make it quite clear to a girl what exactly they mean her to do with her money before they give it her. Stampage and journey money make tremendous holes; an allowance to cover them would need to be a fairly substantial one if a girl is to be well dressed also. Lucky young women, who have a really good allowance, say £100 a year, have no right to go about scrubby and shabby, and then for excuse say they give all their money away in charity. It's extremely unfair to their parents. A father gives his daughter sufficient money to make her a presentable member of society; he is quite justified in being annoyed when she appears like a last year's "Tattiebogle" or a perambulating ragbag. I do not care how much she gives away; it's not her money to give. A tired man likes to see his womenkind look bright and pretty in the evening; he pays for the clothes, and he certainly has every right to expect to see them. I am not a believer in the "any old black rag for Home" theory; why not

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dress up for your own people as much as you do for strangers?

“ And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishops’ satin gown ;
For I maun tell the bailie’s wife
That Colin’s come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o’ pearl blue,
’Tis a’ to please my ain gudeman,
For he’s baith leal and true.”

All this magnificence—the bishops’ satin, the bigonet, and the pearl blue hose were not for a distinguished visitor nor for a tea-party at the Provost’s, they were “a’ to please my ain gudeman.” Bravo, Mistress Colin! you know how to appreciate your “leal and true” gude-man, and you do not stop at dressing yourself in your finest clothes. The house is tidied, ilka thing must look braw, and “twa fat hens” must at once be killed and cooked in case Colin is hungry. The children, too, are not forgotten, they must don their best—“Give little Kate her button gown and Jock his Sunday coat.” Now, do you not think the wife of Gudeman Colin was a very wise, sensible, and happy woman? And is it not a great pity that all wives do not agree with her that “There’s nae luck about the hoose when oor gudeman’s awa”?

Many women love clothes; they are born so, and cannot help it. Our own Good Queen Bess was one, and poor, unhappy Josephine another. They will have frocks and frills and furbelows, whether they can pay for them or

not. Intense love of dress becomes a mania. If anyone feels it coming on, it is as well to nip it in the bud before it becomes violent. You can hardly blame a pretty woman for wanting quantities of beautiful things. To-day the gowns are beautiful, and as flimsy and expensive as they are lovely; but even the prettiest woman would do well to pause before she runs up enormous bills that she can never possibly pay. The bill must be paid some day; however far off it looks, the Day of Reckoning is bound to come, and very often the Day of Reckoning means the Day of Financial Smash. A woman is no better than an irresponsible idiot who ruins her husband and breaks up the home for the sake of clothes. You see in the papers descriptions and prices of gowns that fairly make you gasp. Is it possible for one woman (with an empty head) to represent so much money exclusive of jewels at one time? I hope it is an exaggeration that women pay £20 for a white muslin blouse and £15 for a petticoat, but if they do, then all I can say is, they have very little to do with their money.

When the upper classes are overdressed and loaded with chains and bangles, the lower grades of society naturally follow suit, and the results are not pleasing. Pearls are beautiful, even imitation pearls; we think of the wonderful ropes of pearls that Lothair bought for Theodora, of Cleopatra melting pearls in a goblet of wine, and—we look out of the window, to see the milk girl and greengrocer's girl in pleasant converse at the area

gate, each sporting a pearl dog collar of blatant and awful hideousness. You meet long pearl chains in tramcars in conjunction with tweed skirts and coffee coats. It's not the pearls being imitation I object to, it is the incongruity of their surroundings. What induces women, many of them who ought to know better, to wear earrings when their ears are unpierced? The screwed or clamped-on earring looks hideous; especially when it is an enormous paste bead or a slab of turquoise that never saw a turquoise mine. When the ears have been pierced and the earrings are *real* and really beautiful, they are a very effective and charming decoration. I am not so narrow-minded as to talk of nose-rings and other East Indian adornments, as some people do, but the earring should hang from the ear. Beautiful jewels enhance the beauty of a beautiful woman; a short, fat, dumpy woman plastered over with pearls and diamonds, with a tiara like a five-barred gate above her round face and knobbly forehead, only draws attention to her plainness by the glitter and sparkle.

People must dress to suit their own particular form of beauty (or ugliness), and wear what is becoming to them, not merely what happens to be the fashion of the moment. The best dressers have a certain individuality about their clothes. If you can only afford the plainest, simplest, and cheapest garments, you can always put them on carefully; have a clean face, and well-brushed hair. Really well-dressed hair, smooth and glossy, makes a shabby gown

look well. A head like a furze-bush would spoil the smartest frock ever made. Girls can look very nice and very charming without spending a fortune, especially if they choose what is becoming.

I wish it were possible for young girls to wear more white; they never look so nice as in simple white frocks. Alas! white frocks are an extravagant item, though there is a delicious butter-muslin at $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ a yard that washes beautifully. We love white; is it to be wondered at? We are wrapped in white when we first make our entry into the world, and we are wrapped in white when we leave it. May the All-Merciful forgive the dust and the grime that our skirts have gathered and see only the white soul that we brought with us in the beginning. White is emblematic; you remember the "clad in white Samite mystic wonderful." A little child wears white, so does a girl at her confirmation, and if it's only made of nun's veiling a girl should wear white on her wedding day. If we go from the sublime to the ridiculous, we remember that Tilburina went stark mad in white satin and the Confidant in white linen; poor Confidant, she had a hard life of it! She had to "weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad"—and no one ever was madder than Tilburina; "you observed how she mangled the metre."

However much money a girl has to spend, she would be well advised not to ruin herself in scent. I say scent, not scents, for no sane person ever buys different scents;

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they make up their mind which is their own particular scent, and stick to it. To meet a person drenched in *Peau d'Espagne* or reeking of violets is anything but pleasant. If you do use scent it must be very faint, elusive, and lingering. Just a faint, unconscious perfume about everything you possess, this is not arrived at by shaking a bottle of "White Rose" on to a pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes a scent brings back old forgotten far-off things; the very perfume tinged "with the tender grace of a day that is dead." Certain scents we associate with people, others with places. Mint sauce is not romantic, but it always reminds me of a quaint little garden by the banks of the Tweed where the height of bliss was to pick and eat mint; there was southernwood in that garden too, in imagination I can smell it now. I once knew a girl boxed up in Switzerland miles from the sea who used to walk ever so far to sniff a paling painted with tar. I know nothing more delightfully British than tar; and what greater joy can the exiled Scot have than to bury his face in a bush of heather?—and the misguided English call it heath!

"Smells are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—
They start those awful voices o' nights
That whisper 'Old Man, come back.'
That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the Wattle by Lichtenberg
Riding in, in the rain."

HYGEIA AND HEBE

THERE may be very grave faults in the modern upbringing of girls, but there is one thing in which we have gone forward. We appreciate Health. Hygeia is no longer a despised goddess. She has a shrine in every home, and when we are not offering up incense to her we are talking about her. Indeed, we talk about her a little too much. Perhaps not so much about her; for she is a charming and beautiful person. But we certainly say a great deal too much about her good papa. Some modern drawing-rooms might be Æsculapius' consulting-room. First one woman relates her own or her family's diseases, then another gives you intimate details regarding her digestion, what she can eat and what she has to avoid. As for the lady who has successfully come through a complicated operation, she has a veritable Triumph. She takes the floor, and keeps it. If you are at all nervous or sensitive, you do not enjoy your tea. If the operated-on-one has a vivid command of language, and you have a vivid imagination, you will totter away firmly convinced you have every disease that flesh is heir to. Indeed, if you are not very strong-minded, you will call on your pet doctor and ask him how many "itises" he thinks you have at once. I believe long ago the

women's after-dinner conversation was only about such mild ailments as measles and whooping-cough. We left the Measles for Anæmia, a pallid, depressing, but not revolting complaint. Now, nothing short of three surgeons contents people. Even young girls talk of indigestion. Does not George Russell tell us of a charming young lady who talked of her "indy" as if it was a sort of pet dog? Disease is nothing to be proud of. The best way would be to look upon it as something to be ashamed of, and say as little as possible about it. Worship Hygeia and be healthy, but do not tell us perpetually how ill you used to be before you either drank between meals or twice a day (like a horse!), ate chopped raw meat, or no meat at all. People are quite pleased with your improved appearance, and have no wish to go into details. What a blessing it is that at last we have given up admiring the woman who "enjoys bad health"! A pale face and a small appetite are no longer considered the outward signs of inward refinement and good breeding. We love Hebe, lissom, straight, and tall, with pink cheeks and clear eyes. I do not mean a burnt, brick-red face. That is not health; merely the result of stupidity that could not wear a white washing veil in the blazing sun. Blowzabella is not attractive. Neither is the complexion that looks as if it had been treated with cheap soap, hard water, and a scrubbing-brush. You can have a clean, shiny face, and yet have a clouded, dull, unhealthy eye. Of course we ought to admire

"a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts, and calm desires" more than mere good looks. But who can resist the rosy cheek, the coral lips, and the star-like eyes? In America they say the very best Teachers, the cleverest, and with the greatest influence for good, are the best-looking. A beautiful mind may be—often is—in a twisted, misshapen body. But too often, alas! the clever-minded ones think their bodies do not matter. Beauty has immense influence over the young, especially young girls. The pretty ones think, "Miss Jones is beautiful, and yet she knows all this History and Literature; learning has not made her plain." And the ill-favoured maidens, proud of their cleverness, can say to themselves, "Miss Jones is a brilliant scholar, and yet she thinks it worth while to look nice and dress well." If Teachers only knew how the girls admire them, or—do not admire them, they would not think it of no consequence what they wore when teaching, or how they looked. I can remember a History Lecturer who was a joy to look at, and a lesson in the beautiful, even if you did not listen to her lecture. She was young and graceful, and in the summer wore a white, soft gown, some kind of Liberty material, with a pale, faded, bluey-green sash and a big bunch of pink roses. Now I do not remember one single word of what she taught, except that she was great on Oliver Cromwell, whom I loathed. Is it our first glimmer of grown-up sense when we begin to admire Oliver and see holes in the

ermine of the Martyred King? But, if the history is forgotten, I have not forgotten how pretty she was; how sweet were her pink roses, and how I revelled in the colour of the bluey-green sash. It was called *Æsthetic* then. Surely I must be very old! Mind and body should go together; both strive to attain Beauty; and we must remember that poor old despised Mr. Body has a very considerable influence over airy-fairy Lady Mind. Why look out on existence with a jaundiced eye when there are Liver pills? Only, girls, don't converse about your Liver; that is the special pride and privilege of Anglo-Indians. When we can take a short, brisk walk, why cultivate a "cameelious hump" by frowsting over the fire? Read various statistics, and they will tell you that genius lives in a diseased, or at least unhealthy body. Not always, though; dear Sir Walter's little limp could not be called disease, and what a healthy mind he had! When Genius triumphs over the diseased body, as Stevenson did, and writes only what is helpful, invigorating, and courageous, it is a tremendous and uplifting example. "To be honest, to be kind"; you remember the rest of that splendid message; and yet we know Stevenson suffered greatly. He suffered, and was strong. Genius is rare, and ordinary people very common. But it is quite easy to get the ordinary body into evil, unhealthy ways which react upon the ordinary mind. I think we all eat too much. Not when we are very young, because then we want it to build up; we also let

off a good deal of steam in youthful energy, and require more stoking. But middle-aged women (are there any women who own to middle age?) are wise to eat only what they really need to keep them going, and drink strong waters only if ordered by the doctor. This is not teetotal conviction at all; only the fact that wines, liqueurs, and whiskys and sodas ruin the complexion, and are exceedingly bad for the figure.

A wise girl does not drink anything but good pure water; a very sensible girl drinks milk instead of tea and coffee, and if she wants to have a skin like a peach a tumbler of boiled milk the last thing at night. Fresh air, simple fare and not too much of it, no fattening foods, no champagne, plenty of exercise, and an early breakfast (~~not~~ in bed) will keep a woman young in looks, in figure, and in temper. No one wants to grow fat. No woman wants to look too much as if she was "aye at hame at denner time." Julius Cæsar distrusted Cassius because of his "lean and hungry look." Nowadays none of us care how many Cæsars distrust us as long as we are thin. Adipose tissue certainly spoils a woman's youthful appearance; yet there is something rather comfortable and comforting about a nice stout motherly-looking creature. She has such a lovely chest to cry on! How often we long for a good cry in the arms of a real, loving, kind-hearted woman who has "Mother" written all over her! It is then we distrust the skinny, shifty-eyed Cassiuses and agree with Cæsar. Judging from the advertisements,

Cassius has more followers than the "mountain of a man from East Cheap." Slenderness does not mean scragginess, though. Rosalind must have been slender, or she could not have donned the trunk hose. They must have been slim, graceful creatures those girls of Shakespeare's, for they turned themselves into "pretty fellows" at a moment's notice. Even that dear lady of Belmont could make herself into such a good imitation of a "wise young Judge" that she took in everyone, even Bassanio! Judging by the few adventurous spirits I have seen bicycling in "bloomers," it is only the trunk hose that have come down to the present day, not the well-turned, straight, and graceful limbs. It would not be a bad idea if girls had to wear knickerbockers (and no skirts) occasionally; they would then see how important straight legs and a neat ankle really are. Mr. Stiggins said "all taps is vanities," but, when pressed by Sam Weller to name his particular vanity, it was that pleasing compound known as pineapple rum! To me all games are vanities, for I am so hopelessly stupid that I dare not indulge in any game in case partner and opponents fall upon me and rend me. Kind friends try to explain to me in what I am wanting. One says I have a crooked eye (I do not squint!); another, that I do not pay attention; but, in any case, I am no Gamester. Still, as the red-nosed man had to own to pineapple rum, so I have to own to a most devoted attachment to Swedish Exercises. True, that the rest of the class jump three or four feet while one foot is my

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portion, that they swing in the air while I grovel on the ground, yet I am never discouraged. What are known as the "rib stalls" are my particular joy, though I look as if every moment I would fall off! The marching, the running, all the movements of head, neck, and waist are immensely good for people, and they tend to grace. I admire Hebe, but she must be a graceful Hebe, she must be able to step lightly, bearing her vase of nectar on her shoulder, with well-poised head and prettily-rounded arm. We do not want Hebe to be like a prize-fighter. Lesbia will never possess "a beaming eye" if she eats large quantities of sweets and pastry. If you will only connect the expression "pasty faced" with pastry eating, it will soon dawn on you why it is better to avoid the most attractive puffs and cream buns! Chocolate is sustaining and good in moderation; excessive chocolate-eating becomes a vice. Young children are all the better for a few wholesome sweets, nice innocuous things like home-made toffee and barley sugar. I suppose it is because youngness and sweet-eating go together that the young countries of Australia and New Zealand are so excessively fond of "lollies." Perhaps I am wrong, but there always seems to me something rather vulgar, like very strong overpowering scent or too much jewellery, in a woman never being without a satin bag full of expensive sweets. While we are talking of eating, I do hope girls know, especially girls who are using their brains or their hands or both, how bad a bun lunch is. To eat a whole

collection of sweet, sticky cakes, and drink chocolate is an insult to poor Hygeia. It is so much better to have a proper lunch. There is nothing more reviving or easily eaten than a poached egg. I quite sympathise with the girl in Dodo who needed many poached eggs to keep her going while she was in the throes of musical composition. Ices are not particularly nutritious, but as long as boys and girls are young they will eat ices. When we remonstrate with Bobby or Jack and tell them one strawberry, two vanilla, and a lemon water are quite enough, it is pure envy on our part, because we know we dare not eat four ices and a plate of cakes. Still, an ice and pastry is not a very healthy meal, and ices, my Lesbia, are very bad for the complexion. I hope you value your complexion, and would not ruin it even for the pleasures of the marble-topped tables at Gunter's.

“ Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.”

Alas ! too many girls look as if Jove had wandered round the garden and found nothing but orange lilies, waxy gardenias, and perhaps a flaming peony. Beauty is only skin deep ; a hackneyed remark, but quite as hackneyed is the well-known ugliness goes to the bone. I think ugliness does go to the bone right through and through. Ugly thoughts make ugly faces. Beauty is a great gift : even if that particular present was forgotten by

your Fairy Godmother, it is quite wonderful how Beauty can be cultivated. Heads need not poke forward, backs need not stoop, and a little care will greatly improve the skin. Is it necessary to say that Hygeia must be offered libations of soap and water? If you are going to offer her only a cold tub, you may be healthy, but not very clean if you live in a town. Warm water, plenty of good soap, neither highly scented nor too cheap, a little oatmeal in the water, and a real good wash, with a cold plunge afterwards, will set you out for the day—a real Hebe, glowing with health and good looks. If we once begin to think of the dirt, grime, and dust of the great cities, we will become so depressed and so sure that we are utterly filthy that we will scrub our skins off in a vain attempt to be really clean. But even in large towns fresh air *can* be found, and fresh air is a wonderful cleanser and purifier. Is not fresh air and all of it, night and day, now looked upon as a cure for that terrible scourge consumption? Sleep with your window open even if nothing seems to come in but “blacks” and dust. A little air does filter through, and it is so essential not to breathe stuffiness while we sleep. Fresh air is the watchword of the healthy. If possible go out every day, even in the rain; if you are quite well and strong rain will not hurt you. But do have proper boots, not paper-soled abominations. You need not wear very thick boots in a town on a dry day, but you do want good soles in wet weather. A thin, high-heeled “towny” boot in the country looks silly and

vulgar, spoils your walking, and makes you a nuisance to other people. I used to weep as a child because I was made to wear goloshes. And they were ugly, great square-toed boots. Now, anyone who is delicate and wishes to protect their feet from damp, cold pavements, can buy the most "elegant gums" that are light, look like a very smart patent boot, and only cost three-and-elevenpence. That wise man Dr. Johnson said "only Fools and Beggars need be cold," only the greatest fools need have damp, cold feet. And, Lesbia, one word in your ear, cold, wet feet give you a red nose!

Another thing to remember is that prevention is better than cure. Pain is sent to us as a warning; so many things can be entirely cured in the beginning that if neglected become chronic. If you have a racking headache or constant pain in the chest, don't sit like a martyr and say, "Oh! it's nothing." Do go and see a doctor and be sounded and overhauled. There are plenty of pains that we poor mortals have to bear; never tolerate a stupid old pain that can be got rid of. Girls are so splendidly sensible nowadays that few of them will indulge in such vagaries as not eating because they are afraid of growing too fat, or starving themselves in sulky silence because they cannot get their own way. You need not "tuck into something fat," like Wackford Squeers, but do eat your meals reasonably. I am not going to say anything against cigarette-smoking. Numbers of hard-worked women find it very restful and sooth-

ing. If a man can think out things peacefully and quietly with his pipe, why should not a woman do the same with a cigarette? Only, young girls, and young boys too, are very foolish to fill their growing lungs with nicotine; and excessive smoking is bad for anyone. It is not particularly pretty to see a young girl's fingers stained yellow with tobacco. We talk of "all ye Spanish Ladies," and say a beautiful woman looks beautiful smoking. It is not the fact of the cigarette that makes her beautiful; she would be just as beautiful without it. The plain guy with a cigarette is by no means improved. I am not sure that the nicest men do not dislike to see their own women-kind smoking, however much they may admire it in other women. The old-fashioned nice man remembers his mother; he thinks of her as being all that was best in manner and conduct, and—he never saw his mother with a cigarette! Still, girls will, I suppose, smoke, and if they think life looks better through a grey-blue cloud that is their affair, not mine. Only there is not so much fresh air knocking about that we need to vitiate it with tobacco. Also, cheap cigarettes are bad for you, good ones are dear, and is it worth while wasting our money in *Smoke*? The old saw tells us that the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise is to keep early hours. There never was a truer word. Late hours will dim the bright eyes, and no one can possibly be wealthy in this day of competition and cutting things fine unless they get up very early in the morning. Another thing that dims the eyes and in

time ruins them entirely is reading in bed. Like the cigarette-smoking, it is quite useless to speak of it because everyone *will* read in bed. To the inveterate book-in-bed person let me advise them to have a green-shaded light and to have it behind them. Do not read in bed, or anywhere else, in a bad light. Of course we only come to sense through tribulation and perhaps a visit to the oculist. However, if you are going to read in bed, do read something sensible and soothing, not an exciting novel that puts you off your sleep. Insomnia is a very real and terrible disease. A disease that head-on-the-pillow-pop-off-and-never-wake-till-seven people will not own exists. But it *does* exist, and the poor sleepless ones would spend even worse nights of weariness if they were not able to read. Young healthy Lesbians and Hebes have no right to be sleepless; they need not cultivate insomnia by such a bad habit as reading till three in the morning. Are we wise with early rising? We ought to be wiser when our day starts at eight o'clock than when we saunter into the world at eleven or twelve. What a world it is!—so full of things we have to learn, so full of what is good and beautiful.

“The world is so full of a number of things
That I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

The man who wrote that was often ill, often suffering; but it is the brave, best way to look at life. Let me tell the imaginary sufferers, or those who are only unhealthy

because they worship not the beneficent goddess Hygeia, that Health brings Happiness, and happiness in ourselves means we can give happiness; lighten the weary hours for those whom Hygeia has spurned; those whose god is the sad-browed god of Pain. We all have to bow before him sometimes, but when he lets us out of his clutches how gladly we turn to the bright Goddess of Health! There stands Hygeia to be worshipped. Come, my Hebes, bright-eyed and beautiful, clean and sweet in mind and body, bring your gifts to her feet.

OF MANY BOOKS

LORD ROSEBERY tells us "you may not have a room to sit in, but if you have a book to read you have something which may remove you from this life to something better." The chances are, if you were so very careless of your surroundings as not to mind whether you had a roof over you or not, you would be removed (book and all) to the nearest workhouse. Reading a book at a street corner, even studying Shakespeare gracefully reclining on the curbstone, would not be considered a visible means of support. Though the book-lover may value his books above all other earthly possessions, he must still buy beef and mutton (or "Grape-Nuts" and "lentils"), pay the milkman and the water-rate, and, if he is not mean, give the lamplighter a Christmas-box. Here comes in the advantage of much desultory reading. You part with your two shillings or half a crown with infinitely more pleasure because you have made the acquaintance of Leerie.

"For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it, as he lights so many more;
And, oh! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
Oh, Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!"

Even if I did not know R. L. Stevenson's Lamplighter,

I should certainly tip *our* man, for he sends in a printed calling-card with "your lamplighter" on it, and wishing you the compliments of the season in large letters. Think of it! Your lamplighter—not the lamplighter of the street, of the next-door neighbour, or the people opposite, but your very own. How could you refuse to press half a crown, nay, five shillings into his hand, and wish him a Merry Christmas?

To people who never read, a blue paper water-rate is a tax-paper, "only that and nothing more"—a dull thing, and in many towns a dear thing—a thing to grumble over and to pay drearily and of necessity when it falls due. How different the aspect of a water-rate when you think of Mr. Lillyvick! In the glow of enthusiasm that results from happy recollections of Henrietta Petowker (of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane), reciting "The Blood Drinker's Burial," with her back hair down, we rush off and write a cheque for the water-rate as if we positively thought Morleena's uncle was our collector, and if we did *not* pay "the plug of life" would be dry and "but the mud left." If reading can even brighten up our taxes and induce people to pay them promptly, how necessary it is that we should all read! People buy books, certainly—booksellers' statistics show us that; but conversational statistics do not prove that they read them. Perhaps the dull people only read the dull books. Dull persons never seem to grow any cheerier or more interesting however much they read.

On the other hand, you meet brilliantly amusing people with original views on every subject who never open a book at all; but then, they have used their eyes and their ears. I am not at all sure that, like Poets and Cooks, the real lover of reading is not made but born. If you are born without a love of books, I question very much if you will ever acquire it. After many years you will still have a tendency to lay an open book flat on its face, turn down the corners of the leaves, and stand a wet cup of tea on the cover.

If anything is calculated to scare people (especially young people) from books, it is one of those terrible Societies that try to make you read a Serious Work for one hour every day. No novels, no poetry, no plays; but the stodgiest biography, the dreariest history, and the most wearisome travellers' tales that can be found. The duller the book the greater the virtue. When stress of circumstances or a total inability to fix your mind on Central Asians or Anglo-Saxons prevents your going through your literary treadmill, then you pay a fine. The fines are intended to keep you at your task. It is well known that taking a horse to the water is only half the battle. Will he drink when you get him there? Not, I should imagine, if you goad him and harry him all the way. The unfortunate person who is conducted to the Pierian Spring to the accompaniment of a jingling fine box will hardly drink very deeply. He is more likely to flatly refuse ever to taste one teaspoonful of

that Learning which in small quantities is considered so dangerous. Why you should wish to call yourself a Golden Linker or a Serious Hour before you tackle Motley's *Dutch Republic* or Plutarch's *Lives*, I do not know. Reading done with one eye on the clock and the other on the fine box never did anyone any good yet, and never will. The Golden Linkers, though possibly well-meaning, are generally of limited intelligence. I knew one who rose at seven and read for an hour before breakfast a fat volume on the *Railway Systems of Great Britain*. I hope it did her good. Why should anyone study railway systems in the early hours of the morning unless they want to catch a train? The Railway Lady had the vaguest, haziest notions as to what Shakespeare and Milton wrote, and a very slight acquaintance with the great Victorian Novelists. I shall always think she might have been more profitably employed than studying gradients and perhaps the eccentricities of Waterloo Station. Some people only consider they really read when the book is totally beyond their comprehension. This is nearly as stupid as the other people who half-way through a book tell you how much they dislike it, but "of course I must finish it"—which reminds me of a fellow-traveller I once met in Italy, who, having embarked on a bottle of Marsala, said the first glass made her ill, but continued to drink it till it was finished because, "you see, I've bought it"! There are so many unpleasant things in life that we *must* do, why do an

unpleasant thing about which there is no compulsion and no necessity? Why also say you like a book when you do just the reverse? People are so untruthful about what they like and dislike! Have the courage of your opinions. "To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying 'Amen' to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive." It is better to keep your soul alive and own to a decided bias in favour of Pinero as a dramatist than to swear you adore Shakespeare and sit out *Richard II.*, pinching yourself to keep awake, and with a soul inside you like a shrivelled nut. There is such a lot of tall talk about books. A girl sits up and tells you she reads nothing but Maeterlinck and Matthew Arnold; another that she reads only French and "for the style"! A young man, a very young, young man, once told me he never read anything of later date than the Fifteenth Century. When someone murmured something about Shakespeare, his reply was, "Ah! poor dear Shakespeare, well, perhaps I will make an exception in his favour." These youthful (and not always truthful) Solomons rather remind me of the old picture in *Punch* of the Cimabue-Brown children, when their poor old uncle wanted to take them to the pantomime. Of course, if you honestly prefer the British Museum to Drury Lane, it is quite right and proper to say so; but be quite sure you are honest and not merely talking for effect. Great readers rarely talk for effect, and very seldom talk of their books at all. Elia is too

dear and tender a friend to be discussed at a tea-party. I do not know which is more irritating, to hear a blatant chatterer exclaim, "I simply adore Thackeray," or hear her remark, "I never read Thackeray, he is so cynical." There are benighted people who tell you they cannot read Dickens, they cannot stand his vulgarity. It's no use telling *them* that you feel like "Mr. F.'s Aunt," because the polite allusion would be entirely thrown away. I was once driving with two or three modern maidens in Scott country, near

" Melville's beechy grove
And Roslin's rocky glen
Dalkeith, which all the Virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden,"

and they informed me, "No one thinks of reading Scott nowadays, he is so dull and long-winded." That sort of thing is distinctly depressing, but occasionally you hear what is inspiriting and comforting.

It was at Dryburgh Abbey,

" Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus,"

that I once overheard one very ordinary bicycle-picnic youth say to the other, "To think that Sir Walter had to work himself to death to pay off those debts! How gladly we would all give him the money now if we could!"

That commonplace "picnicky" boy *understood*. He was not merely thinking of the novels, of the pleasant

hours spent with Rob Roy, Quentin Durward, and Redgauntlet—he was thinking of Scott the man, as great in his simplicity and integrity as in his genius. I hope every girl has read that most charming book, *The One I knew the Best of All*. There is a delightful description of the discovery of the Waverley Novels in the Secretaire, and the intense joy of the Small Person when she first opened *The Fair Maid of Perth*. The Small Person became a very well-known and charming writer, but she certainly began by being a very great reader. All was fish that came to her net. Marmion, Don Juan, that well-known Mariner who possessed such a peculiarly hypnotic eye, Othello, even Lemprière's Classical Dictionary and that dyed-whiskered little cad Tittlebat Titmouse—she revelled in them all. Is there a greater joy than the discovery of books to read? The lonely or neglected child really scores enormously over the one of many who has always to join in a game, and is probably carefully tended and herded from morning to night. It is a curious fact that great readers can never tell you what it was like to be taught to read; they remember nothing about it; there is no time in their memory when they could not read to themselves. Try to track them back to the earliest lairs of childhood by mentioning various governesses: all you will receive in answer to your questions is, "Oh, I read to myself long before *she* came."

Now, the non-readers, who are only driven to a book

by illness or a very wet day, can give you an accurate description of every reading-lesson. They remember every tear (What a mockery *Reading without Tears* in its green cover was to them!), every time they ornamented the corner for inattention, every time they were kept in. They can tell you the very date when they finally left B, A, "Ba," and D, A, "Da" for the glories of "The cat sat on the mat" and "Ned is a bad lad" (Why such an aspersion on Ned?), and truly, as far as their literary attainments go, they are still sharing the mat with the cat.

Girls should be encouraged to read. The wife and mother gives the tone to the whole house, and it will sound pretty "tinny" if it comes from a vacant mind. If children naturally love reading, they should neither be shown off to the company as embryo Macaulays nor laughed at because they prefer sitting still with a book to banging round the room making a hideous noise. Sometimes a mother does not read herself; totally forgets the child may have inherited the taste for literature from some far-away ancestor, and rather resents the absorbed attitude of the small, quiet person. If she does not understand it, and the child is perfectly healthy and quite happy reading her books, let the mother hold her tongue. There is no need to tell the passing visitor, "Janey *is* such a curious child; she would rather have a book than a doll or a toy for her Christmas present." The amiable visitor, whose reading probably consists of a magazine now and then,

says, "What a funny little girl you are! I loved dolls when I was your age." Naturally Janey is covered with confusion, begins to think there is something to be ashamed of in wanting a book; probably "hedges" over her present, and accepts a doll which she loathes, or a mechanical toy that makes her head ache.

I owe my own great love of reading entirely to black paint. Somewhere in the dim ages of antiquity, probably at a Pre-historic Bazaar, I saw a flower-pot painted black and decorated with scraps (chiefly red roses) gummed on. This form of decoration appealed to me greatly, partly because I could annex many flower-pots and partly because black paint seemed entrancingly messy. I was told I might paint flower-pots, but it must be done in an empty attic, where any slight eccentricities with the brush or the paint-pot would not matter. Blessed black paint and blessed attic! For it was not empty, except of such dull things as tables and chairs; it was full, as full as one large corner could hold, of magazines and old battered novels. It was a joyous time. Being fairly juvenile, perhaps the *Punches* were the greatest happiness. How my heart goes out to old *Punches* when I meet them!—generally at a dentist's (to keep your spirits up, I suppose), or in some country-house library. Long words were cheerfully missed out without, I am convinced, spoiling the sense—perhaps it *is* the long words that *do* cause confusion. One thing I am emphatically sure of, a small child can read anything without being in the least con-

taminated by what might be evil if she knew what it meant. Often as I read *David Copperfield* I invariably skipped all about Em'ly; she bored me, so did Hetty Sorrel. Yet I constantly hear women say they will not allow their girls to read *Adam Bede* till they are quite grown up.

I am told that nowadays children do not care for Fairy Stories; the loss is theirs, and I can only hope that with advancing years they will gain more sense. Fancy going through life without knowing *Alice*, or *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*, or all the delightful people and animals, especially the animals—think of Henny-Penny—in *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.

It is a terrible loss not to know Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox, never to have met with Tar Baby, who "kep on sayin' nuthin'." If ever anything described many people's attitude towards life in general, it is—"loungin' araound and sufferin'."

Perhaps many of the most beautiful Fairy Stories are more for grown-ups than children, but surely the most wooden-headed child could see the beauty of *The Story Without an End*, or *The Happy Prince*. If it is the want of strict truth, and the fact that they *never* lived, nor could live, that prevents the modern child from caring for Fairies, what about Titania and Oberon and Puck? Don't tell me there is any child who would not love Puck. I once saw a horrid, stodgy little boy in a bookshop, who, when offered *Bonnie Prince Charlie* by his fond mother,

said, "Is it really true—all true?" and on the wearied bookseller replying, "Well, it is founded on historical fact," remarked, "I don't think I care for a book that is only founded on fact; it must be all true." Think of his end! A real "Bully Bottom's Babe"; but he would probably grow very rich and prosperous, and find plenty of unimaginative souls to be dull with him. You do not build bridges with wreaths of flowers, but neither do you leave your iron girders and cantilevers without a coat of paint. Let us build our lives firm and solid, but bedeck and bedizen them with even a little of the pleasant paint of imagination.

It is very difficult quite to know what books are the best to recommend to girls to read, for it seems to me that your real reader will hunt about and find the best books for herself. In elaborate lists, either of the Hundred Best Books, or books to have always by you, there are generally a great many that you personally could very well do without, while others that are your dearest treasures are entirely left out. The book-lover will find her own happiness, and the ordinary one-novel-a-week-from-the-library-girl is hardly worth bothering about. Only, I would like to advise the latter not to waste her time over some of the modern books. It would be far more to her advantage not to read at all than to read the kind of trash that she often indulges in—books that give false ideas of life, and that put false values on things. A book may be perfectly harmless, with a high moral

tone, and yet be worthless rubbish, put together anyhow, with no style nor motive either to edify or amuse. The Beautiful Heroine, generally of humble origin and immaculate manners, who carries all before her, shows beauty in a false light; we know perfectly well that a lovely face does not ensure perfect happiness, a gorgeous marriage, and untold wealth. To go to the other extreme (this is calculated to do greater harm, as there are more plain girls than pretty ones), the remarkably plain young woman is not of necessity endowed with such charms of manner and conversation that she captures everyone from the curate to the neighbouring duke, and leaves the beautiful maidens languishing in despair, possibly wishing they too had nondescript complexions, straight hair, and sketchy features. Pretty people can be, often are, extremely dull and uninteresting; but then, ugly people are just as dull, with this disadvantage—they are not good to look at. They are merely like Miss Jemima Jane, who “tho’ much more good was much more plain.”

It is quite hopeless to give people any advice about what to read. Ten chances to one the books you like they will find stupid or tiresome, and they will not hesitate to blame *you* for recommending them. Then, again, can anything be more depressing than to be told “*Miss Marion Crawford’s* books are so nice”; to be asked, “What did Stevenson write?”; worst of all, to have a book described as “a pretty book to lie about the drawing-room”?

When you are very young you try to correct the errors of the cheerful ignorant—a fatal mistake; with age comes wisdom. You merely giggle to yourself in your tub and politely ask them to step out of *your* sunshine. Since telling several people to read *The House with the Green Shutters*, and being much reviled for so doing, I am rather chary of saying anything about a modern novel. The *Green Shutters* was a piece of brilliant work, and did not aspire to be “nice” or “a pretty book for the drawing-room.” If you take a man from Barbie and another from Drumtochty, and shake them up together in a bag, you will get a compound fairly resembling the average Scotchman. Many people were indignant over the description of the Barbie “bodies.” I know plenty “bodies,” “nesty bodies” too, and not a thousand miles away from Edinburgh either. Another intensely interesting and well-written novel was Zangwill’s *The Mantle of Elijah*; yet several people told me they did not care for it, or that it was beyond them. We have recently lost a writer whose books were always well worth reading and well worth buying. I do not think anyone could read *With Edged Tools* or *The Slave of the Lamp* too often. Seton Merriman is a great loss; it is difficult to know who will take his place. His books were never namby-pamby, nor written for the Young Person; they are full of life—life in the best sense, not slush and mud.

We have in Edinburgh an institution known as the “ash-bucket.” (Now, please, it is *not* a bucket!) Before

each householder's door late at night is placed the "bucket," to be removed by the dustman in the early morning. It contains the ashes, the refuse, and the rubbish that collects, even in the best-regulated families, during each day. Would it be much use spending our days groping in the "buckets" on the off-chance of discovering that a careless servant had flung away a silver spoon? I think not. There *have* been stars found in dust-heaps, but you may choke yourself with dust before you discover your star. All this is a roundabout way of asking girls not to read books whose chief merits (?) are unconventionality, strong writing, and daring disregard of decency. If you shout loud enough you will undoubtedly make yourself heard. And a good many of the present-day writers, chiefly women, do a deal of shouting. They say what they have got to say "very loud and clear"; they come and "shout it in your ear." The best thing you can do is to be "very stiff and proud," and say, "You needn't shout so loud." The particular shouters I am thinking of are not by any means in the front rank, but they command a certain public, and it is a great pity they do. After five-and-twenty, girls could, I think, read any book in the world that they want to without it doing them any harm; but I am not sure that in their teens a little supervision is not required. Far better let a girl read great masterpieces—*Tom Jones*, *Tristram Shandy*, or *Humphrey Clinker*, coarse and plain-spoken though they be—than books full of suggestion and

innuendo, like —. “The task of filling up the blanks I’d rather leave to you.”

When you see women vacantly grubbing about a circulating library, armed with a catalogue, looking for what they are pleased to call “something to read,” ask them if they have even a bowing acquaintance with *Esmond*, *Guy Mannering*, or *David Copperfield*. You would be surprised how many people there are of apparent sanity and fair intelligence who have never read *Vanity Fair* nor *The Antiquary*. They may possess a prunesy and prismy appearance, but they could tell you nothing of Mrs. General and Little Dorrit. If they know Catriona and Maggie Tulliver, it is doubtful whether they have ever heard of Clara Middleton, Lucy Fernal, or that peerless beauty, the Countess de Saldar. I hope everyone has been to a tea-party at the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson’s, danced reels at Glenfean with “the girlies,” gone for a walk with Elizabeth Bennet, and not forgotten the splendours of Maple Grove. It is a sad fact, but I fear a stage-play acquaintance is all some people have with Miladi and D’Artagnan, Don Quixote and Olivia Primrose. But that is better than nothing. It is something, after all, to know Dante was an Italian poet, and that Cyrano de Bergerac had a very large nose.

Your reading-girl will not need to be told of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, nor that their essays, well bound and clearly printed, can be purchased for a shilling or two. For a cab fare you can buy Jerrold’s *Fireside*

Saints in the most attractive form, and I mean your cab fare to be a modest eighteenpence. Every girl might well expend her one-and-sixpence and become acquainted with St. Phillis of fragrant memory, with St. Phœbe, whose door-mat not only wiped her husband's feet, but merely treading on it put him in a good temper. What girl would not be the better for knowing St. Sally, who was not ashamed of owning to five-and-thirty, and sweet St. Norah, whom "Saint Patrick, out of his own head, taught how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few"?

It is rather sad to think we pay so much for a decent hat to cover our heads, and so little for literature with which to line our heads. Personally, I believe to a certain extent everyone spends their money on what they most want. Some people have superlatively good food and poor furniture; others magnificent books and a piano with most of the keys dumb; others have smart clothes and awful carpets; and there are people who put horses before everything. I do not want to put books before everything. I like a smart hat as much as anyone, and much prefer carriages to a 'bus; but for the poor person who loves books this is truly the age of wonders. Daily I am surprised at the really beautiful books you can buy for a shilling; the Unit Library publishes books for even less. There is not much excuse for not reading, and it is the best books that are the cheapest. A futile novel still costs four-and-sixpence.

Sometimes it is well to spend your four-and-sixpence; last Christmas there appeared a most charming book worth three times three four-and-sixpences. It says a good deal for the book-buying public that *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* could not be printed fast enough. It is full of freshness, simplicity, and happiness. Let us be happy, and leave the Cimabue-Browns to be æsthetic and morbid. It has style, which the book for the *jeune fille* (poor dear!) is generally without. The greatest compliment I can pay American Rebecca is to say Pet Marjorie would have loved her!

In our juvenile days we were wisely told to "store our minds when young," and made to learn much poetry. The latter task—only it was so delightfully taught that it was *not* a task—is the one people will be most thankful for when they are older. It is comparatively easy to learn verse by heart when quite young, and very difficult to manage even four lines when old. There is a great charm about what I think I may call an untidy mind, full of scraps of verse, odds and ends of poetry, old sayings, and old stories. The one absolutely perfect and ideal untidy mind must have been Sir Walter Scott's, just stuffed full to overflowing with bits of everything. What a joy to have listened to his old tales and "ballants"! But most people can, in a small and a long way after Sir Walter's way, store their minds when young with what will be an immense pleasure to them in later years. Are Leith and its docks quite the same to the man who never

heard of Burns as they appear to the man who murmurs to himself—

“Go, fetch to me a pint o’ wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o’ Leith,
Fu’ loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary”?

Yarrow is but a loch, a burn, and rather dumpling-like green hills to people who never read Wordsworth, who never heard of the “Dowie Dens,” and to whom Christopher North, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Tibbie Shiels are unknown quantities. Why, I have even known a dreary, weary wait at an Italian railway station in the small hours of the morning rendered fairly endurable by memories of “Lars Porsena of Clusium, by the nine gods he swore,” though we were very sick of the sight of Cortona’s “diadem of towers” before the train moved on. Read all you can when you are young, keep your ears open for stray scraps of knowledge, and do not be afraid of asking questions. If you do not know a thing, do not pretend you do; own up, and you *may* learn something of the subject.

Some people tell you they only read “to pass the time.” What a terrible state of mind to be in! Unless really ill or in great sorrow, can anyone want to get rid of such a precious gift as time—the hours, jewel-studded

or tear-stained, that make up our little life? To pass the time! Not to fill it full, not to work in it, not to play in it, but merely to hurry through it as quickly as possible, and with as little trouble to ourselves. When you say you "read to pass the time" you are insulting literature, using books as a means to an end—and what an end!—the hastening of the hours that have been given to us as a great, a wonderful, and a priceless treasure.

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If Life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

LETTER-WRITING AND SOME LETTER- WRITERS

IN one of Mrs. Hester Chapone's letters to her niece she tells her "To write a free and legible hand and to understand common Arithmetic are indispensable requisites." They may have been in 1773, I doubt their being so in 1904. We have turned the Common Arithmetic into Higher Mathematics, but what has become of the "free and legible hand"? Gone, I fear, for ever. We are so accustomed to the appearance of "Crooked-backed 'C' and Tumbledown 'D'" that when we do receive a really beautifully written letter we are full of delighted and respectful admiration. I once heard the modern large, square, slightly backwards-inclined writing described as Gothic! Frequently the expressions used are Gothic also, though I sometimes wonder if even barbarians would express themselves so hideously. "We are trying to get up a dinner and rather want you to come" strikes me as being hardly a felicitous way of inviting anyone to dine with you. Do we ever in this telephonic, telegraphic age hear the old-fashioned word Penmanship? Do we take up our "elegant pens" and indite "elegant epistles"? No; we hurriedly wriggle

a stylograph out of some place of concealment, give it a shake and scribble a few words on a "Letterette" or a "Letter Card." I do not know whether children are taught to write letters. They certainly ought to be. Things have changed so much since I was a child that I feel positively patriarchal. When we gave a children's party we laboriously wrote out the invitations ourselves, and the guest equally laboriously answered it herself. Now the mother seems to do all the family writing. No wonder she invests in juvenile "At Home" and "Dance" cards. I particularly remember the misery I endured, being an inky child, when I answered an invitation. But one thing was so clearly impressed upon me that I have never forgotten it. I was to say "accepts with much pleasure" and on no account write "has much pleasure in accepting." Personally, I preferred the latter, it looked more imposing; but when each time I attempted it the letter was torn up and I had to embark on another, I soon took to "accepts." I am sorry to say that people constantly use "accepting"; it always gives me a shock when I see it. They could not have spent sad hours with ruled lines, a fine pen ("down strokes thick, up strokes light, pay attention") trying to avoid blots and smudges, gloomily convinced that however well you wrote, it would have to be re-written. It was infinitely more trouble to the governess or parents than if they had written the letters themselves, but an incalculable benefit to a child. I need not say how important it is to impress

on the tiniest child the absolute necessity of at once answering an invitation. There are dear, delightful, charming people in the world who do their level best to wreck your dinner-parties by never letting you know, till the very last moment, whether they intend to honour (?) you or not. If you are fairly young and of a forgiving disposition, you ask them again, taking care to enclose an addressed post-card or a prepaid telegraph form. But, should you be elderly and punctilious in small matters of etiquette, you will not invite the charming and forgetful guest again.

When people tell me (as if it was something to be proud of too!) they never write letters, I feel rather sorry for them; they must lose a great deal of interest and pleasure. I would rather add to life than take away from it; rather grow new branches than lop away everything and leave a bare trunk. The leaves and branches protect the trunk from the wind and the storm. No one can keep their friends who does not occasionally write letters. Many people are aggrieved when they do not receive letters, but if you want them, you must write them. Puck must have been thinking of Wireless Telegraphy when he offered so obligingly to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." If we cannot quite compete with Puck, we can still twist a rope of letters that will bind us to friends in all parts of the world. It is such a mistake to entirely lose sight of people; even when they leave the Old Land for the

"young gay countries north an' south," we can still keep in touch with them. They are not so very far away—"Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal—Port Darwin, Timaru: they're only just across the road"—and there are plenty of Mails. The dullest little spider can sit at home and spin a web whose gossamer filaments will catch the rays of the sun in every clime. Should a strand break and be lost, Madame Spider can set to work and spin another. But, oh! how very dull it must be never to spin any threads at all; to have no outlook of interests but our own small concerns! Make life full, as full as it can hold; for Pity's sake do not grow morbid and self-centred. When you do write letters, do not let them be wails of misery, all about yourself, your troubles, and how greatly you are misunderstood. I cannot bear a "Misunderstoodite." I believe children *are* misunderstood, because we great big blundering giants of grown-ups cannot see with their eyes; our stupid ears are closed to the silvered music Nature and Life play for them, and we are too apt to forget we were once children ourselves. Only it does not do to dwell on their misunderstoodness. Youthful tears are quickly dried—"Those happy, happy days when I was *so* miserable." What tears we have all shed over Humphrey Duncombe! I should be sorry to think there was anyone who could read of "Humphie" making his will, of "Humphie" falling Asleep without a good big choking lump in their throats; yet really he was quite a happy, healthy, naughty little boy. Perhaps

it is in his very ordinaryness that the charm lies. He was misunderstood; he stands as the type of misunderstood childhood for all time, yet he certainly enjoyed himself thoroughly playing cricket with the footman or riding his pony. The thoughts of youth may be long, long thoughts, but their minds are very easily distracted to something else. The "Misunderstoodites" of maturer years will not allow their minds for one moment to be taken off their own troubles. They are the Gummidges of existence. It is pleasant to think of, but hard to believe, that at the Antipodes Mrs. Gummidge became a sensible, cheerful, useful member of society. I wonder if people are thinking of Mrs. Gummidge when they advocate Colonial Emigration for our superfluous women. Oddly enough, gloomy Gummidges are rather fond of writing letters. Depressing ones generally. People should always try to write cheerfully. Pretend to be cheerful; pretence makes practice, and practice makes perfection. Even if we have personal misfortunes to chronicle, let us mention them as cheerfully as possible.

"ABBOTSFORD,

"29th December, 1825.

"MY DEAR JANE,

"You will be sorry, I think, to learn that the cause of my silence has been sudden and severe indisposition. None of my misfortunes happen like those of anyone else, for I always break down at the top of my gallop, and when I least expect it. So I was in a manner shot dead on Christmas Day, within half an hour after dinner, mince-pies

in my very throat. The pain was very great, but it proves to be what is called a *chronic* disease, which word means, I believe, it is not a disorder which one immediately dies of, but only which, if it visits you frequently, renders life little worth having. But, as our friend Dr. Dickson would say, shall we receive good at God's hands and shall we not receive evil?"

The above extract is from a letter of Sir Walter's to his eldest son's wife; it strikes me as fairly illustrating what I mean. There is no complaining, no grumbling; there is even "a bit joke" about the mince-pies, and there are none of the dreary medical details that nowadays people are so fond of inflicting upon you. The last sentence is grand. After all, are we always to receive good? Never to see the "frowning Providence" behind which the "smiling face" is hidden? As the quaint old hymn says:—

"The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below."

It is wonderful how taking no notice of them induces thorns to disappear. Cultivate them by grumbling, water them with self-pity, and you will soon find yourself shut in by a prickly hedge. Will anyone risk the scratches to dig you out?

One of our greatest actors, who said he had no time to read, was asked, "But then, how is it that you know everything if you never read?" "Ah," was the reply,

"you see, I was born educated." I really think some people are "born educated"; certainly there are born letter-writers. What delightful, witty, sympathetic letters some people write!—not always the cleverest people, but they happen to have the knack of putting things in an amusing way. Oh, that Art of "putting things"! What a gift it is! I am always rather sorry for non-writers if they are obliged to write a letter. By the expression of their faces they might be going to write with their heart's blood instead of ink. They writhe and frown and groan; begin once, twice, three times, and oftener, each time casting the offending sheet of paper on the floor. By the end of an hour they are sitting in a sea of notepaper like a plucked goose in the centre of its own feathers. They are more exhausted than if they had done a hard day's work. Sometimes the results are surprisingly good, for the one-letter-per-month correspondent knows few long-winded sentences and no "lang-nebbit" words. They write as they speak, the greatest charm of all—and you fill in the punctuation, while the wearied Scrivener rests after his labours. I think long letters are rather a mistake. "Brevity is the soul of Wit"; only please remember Brevity is not the soul of affection, and your family wishes more than three lines with "Love to all," and "great haste" as a wind up. Some young people never write at all unless it is to ask for something. They write to "Father" for a five-pound note, and to "Mother" to "please send my

pink chiffon at once ; there's going to be a dance." These pleasing requests are generally on picture post cards. Father professes himself quite pleased with a motor-car standing on its head, and mother says how very pretty Marie Studholme is (though she never heard of her before!), and neither of them, Bless them! will own how much they wish there had been long letters. How good they are, these dear Fathers and Mothers! Truly they give loaves of bread every time, never a stone; and the young things swallow down their gifts and never say thank you. I do not know who was the first person to invent picture post cards. I fancy that, like many other things, they hailed from Germany. To be just, the German ones are the most beautiful; many of them are really pictures. But there is little doubt the picture post card has slain the last remnant of letter-writing that was left among us. We cannot stand up against Battalions of Views, against Armies of Rotary Company photographs of everybody from Crowned Heads and Archbishops to the newest chorus-girl. Post cards are certainly interesting when sent to you from foreign places, or when they chronicle public events, but you get very sick of post cards all picture when you are really longing for a letter. When people tell you they have no time to write letters, you may be quite sure they are very idle. Busy people always have time to answer letters. If you wish an answer at once, write to a busy man who is up to his eyes in work; you will get an answer by

return. Write to a woman who lives in the heart of the country with nothing to do; you are lucky if your questions receive an answer under three weeks. Then her excuse will be "I was so busy." Nobody in the world is so extremely occupied as the person who does nothing. They have no time to read, therefore all the new books—worse, all the old ones—are unknown quantities to them. They are the type of people who at ten o'clock at night begin hunting for the morning's paper. As they never find it, and the same thing happens every day, they know absolutely nothing of what is going on. It is a little depressing to call on a woman with whom you have nothing in common, to try public events as a kind of safe conversational harbour, and then be met with, "Is there a war between Russia and Japan? I didn't know. I never have time to look at a newspaper." I do not advocate newspaper-reading as the best reading, but people should keep themselves a little bit in touch with things. Brilliant geniuses need not; they have other things to talk of, but the ordinary dull lump of a woman that you meet at Teas might just know there are two-pound emigrants. If she could only know how you wished *she* was a Two-pounder! No, that is too great luxury—a ten-shilling passage would be good enough for her. Some women pride themselves on knowing nothing of politics. About as much cause for Pride as the fact that they cannot write a decent, properly worded and spelt letter. Kipling tells us "there are nine-and-sixty ways

of writing Tribal Lays." There are quite as many ways of tackling a letter; only, unfortunately, while each of the sixty-nine Tribal Lays are more or less right, nearly all the ways of letter-writing are wrong. Spelling may not greatly matter, but "afford" with one "f," and "tenant" with two "n's" give you a bit of a shock. Phonetic spelling may be very charming, but as there is "a popular superstition in favour of" correctly spelt words, it is as well to give in to the superstition! In writing a letter you ought to consider your correspondents, and try to give them as little trouble as possible. Some people indulge in most curious eccentricities: begin on one page up and down, go to the last page, and write criss-cross, and then finish off in both styles inside. I once even received a letter that was written diagonally, which is not a style to imitate. Folding letters crooked, or inside out, dabbing stamps on upside down, allowing the "yours sincerely" and your name to be the only ornaments of one page, are perhaps only vulgarisms, but they are rather uneducated vulgarisms, and are well to be avoided. Punctuation is not a very serious matter. You need not, like Pet Marjorie, study very hard either "interrogations, simme colings, commoes," or periods. The latter are the most important. It is a good thing to pull up short with a full-stop. The shorter the sentence, the better for everybody. There are some sentences that seem interminable, that become more and more involved as they drag out their wearied length. They are "long

drawn out," but have very little "linked sweetness" about them. Avoid very long sentences. As there is no time nowadays for very long letters, do not write short letters of involved phrases. Long ago people had time for very long and wonderful letters, especially the women. Will anyone ever again write such beautiful letters as those of Madame de Sévigné? She was a genius, true, but after all, she was only a mother writing to her daughter. Chesterfield was only a father writing to his son, but his letters have become a classic. Is there any aunt to-day who could write to her niece as Mrs. Chapone wrote? Any girl who could write such letters as those written in 1654? The fictitious Love Letters published in 1900 compare very ill with the real Love Letters. Dorothy Osborne would have had but scant sympathy with the Englishwoman's "how it rejoices me to write quite foolish things to you"! It must undoubtedly have rejoiced her, because she writes the foolish things so often. "Plain sense but seldom leads us far astray"; winsome Dorothy's feet rarely stray from paths of level-headed common sense. The unfortunate Englishwoman never brings up in Plain Sense Road at all. She is for ever straying here and there in flowery meadows; she may have been all very well as what Rawdon Crawley calls "his innamorato," but she would have made a very tiresome wife. Dorothy writes, "when do you think of coming back again? I am asking that before you are at your journey's end. You will not take it ill that I desire it should be

soon." There is more deep feeling in the "I desire it should be soon" than in pages and pages of "dearests" and "beloveds" and "come to mes" and "cannot live without yous." If mild Dorothea's expressions sound rather stiff to our modern ears (save us from the English-woman's terms of endearment!), it is better to begin with "sir" and "yours," and end with a happy marriage, than cover pages and pages with sugary kisses and—end in Nothingness. We know once she was married to her William, Mild Dorothea wrote in a very different strain. Gone are all the "sirs" and the stiff little endings. From the Hague, in 1670, she writes to "my dearest heart" and finishes her letter with, "I am my best dear's most affectionate D. T." Are we not glad to know that "D. T." and her "best dear" spent forty happy years together? She herself had hardly dared to hope that "the conclusion should prove happy." We also know that Sir William was "all that was most good and amiable among men," and his Dorothy "a good wife." More than that, she was justly esteemed by all her friends and acquaintances. As for the letters so full of common sense and delicate wit, can we not read them for ourselves?

"So men may see what once was womankind
In the fair shrine of Dorothea's mind."

Will the maidens whose minds are also, I hope, "fair shrines" try and write as sensible, reasonable love letters as this dear Dorothy? When you write to the "best

dear," do not let your pens run away with you. To quote *Alice in Wonderland*, take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves. Let your letters be full of sense, not of sound signifying nothing. Mr. Bingley's mode of letter-writing is not one to be followed. "My ideas flow so rapidly that I have not time to express them." The very lamentable result was that the excellent Bingley's letters sometimes conveyed "no ideas at all" to his correspondents. His friend D'Arcy was a prolific letter-writer, and if Miss Bingley is to be believed, wrote a very fine hand. But D'Arcy possessed another fault as well as Pride; he could not resist words of four syllables! Four-syllable words are not only difficult to spell—a Dictionary is not always beside you—but they spoil the general style of a letter. It is better "to see something and tell what we have seen in a plain way" than indulge in long-winded rhapsodies. I would much rather have a letter from the Reverend William Collins than from Mr. D'Arcy. Poor Collins! How we have all laughed at him. Yet his letters are monuments of politeness and civility. After all, if he was dull, obsequious, and rather servile, he was undoubtedly grateful and civil. Are not letters of thanks for a visit called "Collinses"? Quite as expressive (and more polite) a name than a "board and lodging"! I am told it is quite out of date to write letters of thanks. But I have my doubts whether it is quite polite to stay with people, enjoy their hospitality, and then take no

further notice of them till next year, when you write saying you are in the neighbourhood, giving them what the children call "a smell of hints." If it is no longer "smart" to say "thank you," does that mean a day is coming when smartness and rudeness will be synonymous terms? Well, it is generally the best born who are the best bred. If Tommy Snooks thinks it smart to write no word of thanks for a pleasant visit, my Lord Tomnoddy writes and thanks you for having him to luncheon. Let us hope politeness is still fashionable, and civility still good form. It is surely needless to say, always acknowledge a present. If "*bis dat qui cito dat*," you give a hundred times in pleasure and gratitude when you write at once. When a person takes the trouble to give you a present, even a cheap, insignificant one, the least you can do is to be properly grateful. Children, however small, should not be allowed to play with a toy or a doll till it has been duly thanked for. Start this early enough, and it becomes second nature. The well-brought-up young woman will not read the most enchanting book until she has written to thank for it. Lazy or ungrateful people give themselves in the end much more trouble getting out of *why* they have not written than merely writing a few lines when the present arrives. The sooner you write, the shorter the note need be. In these days of pressure and rush shortness is a consideration. Another thing, always immediately own the receipt of money. It may be sent to you for a charity, it may be a pleasant,

useful tip, or—this is unlikely—someone may pay back what they borrowed from you! In any case, write, if possible, by return of post. All business letters must, of course, be answered promptly. If people apply to you for information—the character of a servant, or something of that kind—you must write at once. How the dawdling, dilatory people hash up one's time! What opportunities are lost not only for the want of a horseshoe nail, but for the want of a little energy and a penny stamp! Letters of condolence and congratulation, if written at all, must be written soon; and they have this great advantage—they cannot possibly be too short. Without writing sheets of badly expressed empty words, we ought to show a little sympathy with people in sorrow. But let it be very short; a few words will do; the fewer the better. Congratulations may be longer; we can stand them better than condolences. Indeed, if we are feeling radiantly happy, or have just been made Lord Mayors or “parfait gentill knightes” (are all knights perfect and gentle?), we are feeling so very agreeable that we are quite pleased to read congratulations. After all, it is better to take a little interest in our fellow-creatures; be grieved for their losses, and glad with their triumphs. A kind word does not take much time to write. Paper is remarkably cheap, and a stylograph pen remarkably handy. Let us keep our hearts filled with good fellowship, kindness, and sympathy, and our “Stylo” pens filled with the best ink!

FOLLOWERS OF PEPYS

TOM MOORE said of Sir Walter Scott, after having visited him in his own home: "I parted from Scott with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works, but that those only could learn to love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford." I much like the "as he deserved." Greatly as we admire the novels, it is in his *Gurnal* that we really learn to give him the full love of our hearts. I would rather part with *The Antiquary* and *Guy Mannering* than do without Scott's Diary. It brings before us very dark days; the clouds have obscured the sun of prosperity, but through those clouds of ruin and depression what a beautiful spirit shines! We gain pleasure, amusement, and instruction from the historical romances; a sweet and tender note is struck for us in such songs as "County Guy" and "The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill," but from the Journal we receive a noble lesson of courage under misfortune; of uprightness and integrity. "Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort." This is his first thought—that others shall not suffer through him. He hopes his "transient wealth" will be forgiven because of "my real wish to do good to the poor." From the Diary we can see how hard Scott worked. It

was no longer a winged Pegasus, but a tired steed responding only to the whip and spur. He refers to his writing as his *task*—"wrote my Task in the morning." Oppressed with ill health and bodily helplessness, tormented with a minor ailment—like all minor ailments, irritating and unpleasant—chilblains on both feet and fingers, chilblains that caused his writing to grow more and more cramped and confused; under all difficulties he toiled ceaselessly and untiringly. He knew that his work suffered from the conditions under which he laboured. "I could have done it better, if I could have written at more leisure and with a mind more at ease," was what he said of his *Napoleon*. He could have done nothing better than the way he lived, courageously and nobly doing his duty. When we think of his works, when we think that he was the most voluminous author of his time, is it not a fine thing to remember his words: "It is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle." True of his books; still more gloriously true of his life, public and private. His journal teaches us that Principle is of the first importance; that no gift is so great as the possession of a true and abiding Faith.

"Three crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain,
The dear remembered melody
Of Tweed once more again,

"Wan water from the border hills,
Dear Voice from the old years
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.

.

"Twilight, and Tweed, and Eildon Hill,
Fair and thrice fair you be ;
You tell me that the voice is still
That should have welcomed me."

We must leave tender memories of all that lovely valley lying in the shadow of the Eildons. Leave thoughts of the Shirra and his *Gurnal*, of his homes at Ashiestiel and Abbotsford. We are going to London. There to visit the Navy Office and make the acquaintance of perhaps the greatest of Diarists—certainly the most dressy of men—one Samuel Pepys. I wonder if the excellent Samuel ever thought his Diary would become not only delightful and entertaining reading, but a really valuable historical document. It is one of the most important records of the reign of Charles II. It gives a vivid picture of London life; of Londoners who, thoroughly sick of Puritanism, gave themselves up to what we would now call "having a good time." Mr. Pepys had rather a different idea than ourselves as to what was enjoyment. We would hardly call a fight between a butcher and a waterman, with other butchers and watermen joining in, "pleasant to see." But the worthy Pepys quite enjoyed it, though he feared that in the tumult he might get hurt. Pepys was always

a little afraid of his skin! Yet he could show great courage on occasion; he was plucky enough during the Plague. Most of us, even in a Diary, say little about our weaknesses and faults. Samuel hides nothing. After all, we cannot help loving him for his honesty and forgiving him his conceit and vanity. How disappointed he was when his periwig failed to cause a sensation in church! However, if he admired his own clothes, he was also lavish in his admiration of other people's. Mrs. Pepys comes in for a share of his approval. Are we not told how pretty she looked with her black patch? Are there not descriptions of her "new fashion pettycoats of sarcenett," of her "French gown called a Sac," of that gorgeous and becoming garment the "flowered Tabby gown, laced exceeding pretty"? Pepys' innocent delight in his own possessions is quaintly refreshing. It is rather exhilarating to find people who are really pleased and contented with their own things. When we have red be-ribboned horses, gilt standards, and green reins, let us own we think our coach the prettiest. After all, in our hearts we do admire our own "bits of things," only we think it rather grand to belittle them. Scott's Journal is a serious, earnest human document full of teaching; and I do not think we can really say less of Samuel's, with all his faults and inconsistencies. If he teaches no very great lessons, he was nevertheless honest, cheerful, and amusing—three important qualities; and he teaches us a vast

amount of not always edifying history. But everything in this world does not tend to edification, and we must make allowances for the times in which Pepys lived. There are worse people than "the First Master of Trinity House"; he was no hypocrite and no sneak. The times he lived in were much the same. England had shaken off the Puritans; the dull, sad-coloured days were gone. Is it to be wondered at that they went to the other extreme? They had been bored, dull, restrained. Hail, freedom, mirth, and gaiety! If they became a little too gay, can we blame them? After a very long face, once we begin to laugh we may laugh too loud. Charles II. and his Court, our good friend Pepys and his friends, laughed a little too loud; they were "mighty merry." They have long ceased to laugh, their dances are ended, their guitars are silent, their Play-houses are closed. Forgive them. "The English take their pleasures sadly." Is it not comforting to think there was once a time when "even the very fiddlers" were "in red vests," when "we drank the King's health and nothing else," when the whole City went mad with joy? We have plenty of weeping philosophers. My sympathies are with the philosopher who enjoys a good laugh. I do not for one moment think there is any modern girl who can write such a journal as Sir Walter's. Most assuredly she cannot write such a diary as that of the sprightly Samuel. But it is an excellent thing to keep a diary. By a diary I merely mean a straightforward

chronicling of ordinary domestic and public events. Save us from volumes of the "Mes Larmes" type! We do not want leather-covered, padlocked, outpourings of the spirit, nor chronicles of various love affairs. Imagine what Marianne Dashwood's diary would have been like. Diaries carefully kept become of great interest, and it is a great matter to have something to refer to. Never argue with a diary-keeper, nor be very positive about dates. He will bring forth the diary of the particular year, and smite you hip and thigh! If you are lucky enough to meet interesting people or celebrities, you can jot the fact down. The mere sight of their name and a date will bring back to you all the circumstances; serve to remind you of their conversation. They *may* have said something worth remembering. A girl's journal, full of her own ideas, thoughts, and feelings may be interesting, but it also may be extremely, irretrievably silly. We are not all Marie Bashkirtseffs, and I fear I must add—and a good thing too! Let a girl keep a plain, useful diary that can lie about and does not need either a lock or a very secret receptacle. To keep a diary is good discipline. It keeps itself through the first weeks of January, needs courage and resolution in February and March, and has generally gone entirely to pieces by April. I have a very great admiration for people who in their diary-writing can keep it up! Personally, I start well, "with all appliances and means to boot," namely, a good Letts' Diary, every January.

They go with other excellent intentions to make pavements! It is my stupidity in not having begun to keep a diary when seventeen or eighteen that makes me say so emphatically to every young person, keep a record of what you do, where you go, and the people you meet. The diary must be written every day. Do not be like a small boy of my acquaintance, who started well and then trailed off into this pithy daily record: "forget what did"! A diary is not only useful in little things; it may become of very serious use for reference in a Court of Law. Therefore a diary should have nothing in it but a plain statement of facts. Do not call people names in your diary; this is inadvisable. The Bad Boy's Diary is not a good example of diary-keeping; he calls many people names, and the spelling is not quite beneath reproach. It is as well to spell correctly. "No eye beheld, when William plunged young Edmund in the stream," and no eye may behold your diary, but, nevertheless, do not let there be any bad spelling. That gifted child, Pet Marjorie, kept a journal full of weird spelling, but she was seven years old, and the gifted may be excused curiosities in spelling. If you have the happy knack of writing easily and amusingly, you may keep a real "Diurnall." But write it without one eye on a possible publisher. There are diaries published, I might almost say daily, that are monuments of dullness and mediocrity. If you keep a small diary, it is quite easy to add to it and swell it out if you become a celebrity.

Have your facts; they can very easily be spun out. *Pages from a Private Diary* was a charming book, so is George Russell's *Collections and Recollections*, but many of the books are merely stupid and dull. You may meet interesting people for ever, but if you are a real "dullie" you might just as well meet nobodies, for you will assimilate none of their interest. Publish a book with such pieces of information as "Robert Browning came to tea in a white hat," or "I met Gladstone, and he said it was a fine day," and it is no more interesting than if you said, "Miss Jones came to lunch," or "the new Curate called." Indeed, if you yourself are interesting, you will make more of Miss Jones and the Curate than a dull person makes of their celebrities. Your diary may be a very ordinary record of trivial events, but that is better than pouring your heart out on unsympathetic paper. Besides, what you feel when you write you may not feel when you next look at it. Probably with deep blushes you will push it into the fire and hold it down with the poker. It will be no loss either to yourself or to coming generations. What a loss we should have sustained had Samuel's "journall" gone in the Great Fire! How thankful we are to him that he carefully preserved it! If you feel greatly drawn to it, you may write a diary as full as Pepys'. But imitate his complete honesty. Do not write down opinions because they look well; be honest with yourself, be honest with Posterity. That is, should Posterity ever see your Daily Record. There

has not yet been another Pepys, and I am more in favour of the short plain facts diary than a more elaborate treatise. For one thing, we cannot to-day be so wonderfully outspoken and plainspoken—an improvement in some ways, but not in all. The diaries that are published now are discursive and prolific very, but they are not like Pepys'. There is such a tendency to rush into print, such a desire to give to the world our diaries, our travels, and our views on every place under the sun. It is remarkably interesting and curious to see what two or three or more different people make of the same place. Notably the books on Japan that are at present of very great interest to the public. I suppose it is a case of Eyes and no Eyes. Perhaps not only Eyes, but the inside feeling for colour, atmosphere, and surroundings. It is the old story of the painter and his critic—"I never saw it like that," and the answer, "Don't you wish you could, though?" We can train our eyes to see, and we can see with our hearts and brains as well as with our eyes. It is never too early to train a child to look at things. "The meanest flower that blows" is worth looking at. The Rainbow worth a passing glance, the Rose worth a moment's attention. Look at everything, enjoy all the wonderful Beauty that is spread in front of us with such a lavish hand. It is pitiful to think of the people who will *not* see; to whom the country is a dull place without charm, attraction, or pleasure; who have only one thought. "How soon can I get away?

How soon can I return to the town?" Is there no beauty in

"The rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,"

and all the other flowers that were "to strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies"? The country is so full of delicious scents and sounds that it seems almost incredible that when people have the chance of leaving a great city for a little holiday they fly off to another town where there are brass bands, Winter Gardens, and Pierrots! I think what I call plain country is a greater rest and pleasure than scenery. Peaceful fields, mild-eyed ruminating cattle, hedges sweet with honeysuckle and wild roses, thick with the promise of brambles, and beyond and above all a Garden! I cannot understand anyone who does not love a garden.

"A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot"!

I am not very sure that Pepys cared much for the country, but he must have cared for gardens, for was he not the friend of Evelyn? A girl who lives in the country (lucky young woman!) ought to keep a combination diary and garden book. We have had lately the most charming books about flowers and gardens. It is a beautiful diary whose days are marked by flowers. If you have nothing else to say, your diary can be a simple record of sowing and gathering, training rose trees, lay-

ing out a ribbon-border! Is it dull? Nothing is dull if you are not dull in yourself. I have only two causes of quarrel with dear Charles Lamb; he much preferred the town to the country, and he could not bear Scotchmen! We know our greatest Scotchman loved his garden; most of all he loved trees. He was never tired of planting them. One of his pieces of advice was: "always plant a tree." The woods along the banks of his beloved Tweed bear witness to his love of trees. We cannot all start out and plant trees, but we can all grow something green if it's only mustard and cress on a piece of flannel! There is nothing so grateful to the tired eyes as to look at something green. Live for months in a town, and grass—real country grass—seems wonderful. If you live in the country, and do not like it, make the best of it. If you have to live in the town, and feel choked and suffocating, make the best of that too. As the *Gurnall* tells us, Sir Walter made the best of his troubles and difficulties, so we too must make the best of ours; we can "put a stout heart to a stay brae." We can be bright and cheery like Pepys. Like him, we can take a pleasant interest in all around us, find everything worth doing and worth rejoicing over; above all, we can be honest. Have we nothing else left to us, nothing to amuse us, we can take a pleasurable Pepysian interest in our clothes! We can be true followers of the Immortal Samuel by keeping a Diary. We can end our day by writing in it—"and so to Bed."

THURSDAY'S BAIRNS

"Monday's Bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's Bairn is full of grace,
Wednesday's Bairn is loving and giving,
Thursday's Bairn works hard for his living,
Friday's Bairn is full of woe,
Saturday's Bairn has far to go ;
But the Bairn who is born on the Sabbath Day
Is bonnie and blithe and good and gay."

IS it better to be born lucky than rich? Master Albert Perkins, proud possessor of the proverbial silver spoon, may open his mouth too wide in his anxiety to grab all the good things he sees spread in front of him, when out flops the spoon, and away go all his wealth and riches. Whereas poor Thomas Hodge, eating his daily portion of porridge with a common little wooden spoon, has good luck seated on the rim of the porridge-bowl: good luck that shows him how to turn mangel-wurzels into notepaper, or peat-moss into blankets, till he amasses a large fortune, and, by the stepping-stones of a knight-hood and a baronetcy, becomes Baron de Hodgue of Hodguetown! Good luck turns Thomas's fustian into a peer's robes, and the want of it makes it impossible for Albert to preserve his velvet pelisse. Miss Kilmansegg

was very, very rich; her artificial leg was made of solid gold; and yet no one will dispute the fact that, notwithstanding

"A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa
And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,"

poor "Miss K." was a remarkably unlucky young lady. Yes, on the whole, I think it is better to be born lucky than rich. Of course, some of us have the misfortune to be born poor and unlucky, but our birthdays may have something to do with that.

Sunday's children have an immense advantage over other people; they are naturally light-hearted, which helps them to bear their troubles bravely; they are "born good," and not an austere, gloomy goodness either, for we are told they are blithe and gay. They are also bonnie, which means they are just nice-looking enough to be attractive, and not so superlatively beautiful that they make their neighbours envious and uncharitable. Unfortunately we cannot choose our own day of the week, and must put up with the woes of Friday and the travels (probably third-class and steerage) of Saturday as well as we can. Perhaps Wednesday is even a nicer day than Sunday. Don't we all know those dear, loving, kind-hearted, generous Wednesday's Bairns: ready to help Miss Thursday with her work and comfort Master Friday, full of enthusiasm and admiration for graceful My Lady Tuesday and fair-faced Mistress Monday, and always with a spare moment to help weary, travel-stained

Captain Saturday pack his boxes before he starts on another voyage?

Christmas Day would be a lovely birthday, only, of course, no one could reasonably expect two sets of presents. Midsummer Eve would make you feel you had real Fairy Godmothers, who danced on the green and rang peals of bluebells all in honour of you. Twenty-ninth-of-February people must look upon their birthday as a Will-o'-the-wisp, whose pale green skirts and snowdrop-filled hands can only be caught and held once in every four years, and not always then. It would certainly be very nice to have your birthday on a Saint's day; to know you had Saint George to specially protect you from the dragons in your path; to think brave Saint Andrew was your very own saint; or that shamrock-crowned Saint Patrick or noble Saint Margaret was watching over you, and taking a real and personal interest in your welfare. Every girl can make her birthday a saint's day to the rest of the family; but we cannot, alas! *choose* our own day, and very many of us have to be contented with grim, prosaic, hard-working Thursday. Now, there are two kinds of Thursday's Bairns: the Real, who have to work for their living, whom we all admire and honour; and the Spurious, who call themselves Workers (with a large capital "W"), who have no need to work, and make themselves so objectionable that every sensible person wants to slap them. We all know them. Sometimes they are misunderstood at home, sometimes they think

they have a great mission, and very often they want to be nurses and singers and artists and actresses because it is dull at home. The young woman in *Punch* who explained to her Uncle, "Mother is getting so blind, and Father is always ill, and it's so dull at home that I am going to be a Hospital Nurse," is by no means so exaggerated as she sounds. There are at present in London five thousand actors and actresses out of work; but that does not deter the girl who thinks she can act from joining "the army of budding Juliets" at fifteen shillings a week in a fifth-rate company—always, mind you, with the pleasing consciousness that at any moment she can leave the "thinking parts" and the lodgings that smell of parrots and Irish stew, and return to a comfortable home where she will be received with open arms. What about the girl who has no home, and wants that particular fifteen shillings a week to live on? There is nothing more contemptible than the Amateur well-off, and with no striking talent, who deliberately robs the poor "Pro" of his bread. Only two things should take a girl to the stage: genius or starvation.

As for the reedy sopranos who think they are good enough for opera, their name is legion. We all know the girl with the penny-whistle voice who goes to Paris to study (if only the money her parents waste on her could be spent on someone who could sing!); she returns from Paris (very French), and talks a great deal about her singing, but has invariably mislaid her music, her accom-

panist, or her voice. Then there are girls who "Sculp," who paint, who recite, who fiddle, all calling themselves Professionals when they are nothing but inferior Amateurs; but then, you see, the studio (in the attic!) and the novels that are going to be written take up so much of the dear girls' time that they have not a moment for the ordinary home duties or a second to waste on Father or Mother. They are very tiresome young people, and not unlike bad half-crowns which look impresssive, but when tossed on the hard Table of Life with no pleasant backing of parents, home, and money do not ring true. I would rather have the honest, hard-working Penny that sells in a shop or teaches A, B, C in a Board School for her living than such pinchbeck silver coins. It would be a very sweeping assertion to say no one should work for money who does not actually require that money for bread; for sometimes Fate only provides people with dry crusts, and they rather fancy a spoonful of jam. If you can make some jam, make it; it's by no means easy.

"It's a very good world to live in,
To spend or to lend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or to come by your own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known."

It certainly is a very hard world to make a livelihood in, and that is why I have so little sympathy with girls who cannot be grateful and thankful when they have comfortable homes. I would not condemn a girl with exceptional talents to "the common round, the trivial

task"; but we have had a good many distinguished people who did not think the daily trivial task beneath their notice. Lancelot Gobbo tells us "murder will out," and assuredly so will genius. You may bury ordinary talents in the back-garden, but genius cannot be hidden among the gooseberry bushes. This is for the comfort of the girl who thinks her particular talent is genius, and that in the unappreciative home circle she is "wasting her sweetness on the desert air." Cheer up! If you are a genius and have greatness in you, you will be great. The picture will be painted that is to electrify the universe, the novel will be written, the poems published. You will rise to Fame on wings of song, or write your name on the Sands of Time with the end of your fiddle-bow, or act like Mrs. Siddons if—you have not made the very common mistake of looking at your nice, compact little talent through a very powerful magnifying-glass. If you really have to work hard for your living with even a small talent, the necessity for "the infinite capacity for taking pains" may turn that talent into something very closely resembling genius. Little Tommy Tucker probably sang his very best when his supper depended upon his performance. Hunger is a good incentive to work; but it is tragic to think of that great army of women who often are hungry, who have songs to sing and no audience who will listen to their singing. Can we keep our windows shut and not hear their voices: the songs that are full of tears, the songs

that are sung with a brave but a breaking heart? It is terrible to think of the lives of some women—hard, unlovely, always toiling, always struggling, with nothing to look forward to, and nothing to look back upon—grey days, grey streets, grey lives. And then little Miss Flibbertigibbet says how lovely it must be to work for your living, how dull it is at home, and how she wishes she could set up in London in a small flat and write for the papers! Oh, foolish Flibbertigibbet! stay where you are, where the beds are soft, where there is kindness and comfort, and where there is enough to eat. Bread touched up with mustard to give it a relish is not a very sustaining nor exciting form of diet; but it is not unknown to girls who are fighting for a foothold at the bottom of the journalistic ladder. Miss Billington, in a recent article, gave ten years as the time of hard work and struggle that it takes to make a successful woman journalist. What of those who are not successful, and who go under in the struggle? Dr. Forbes Winslow says: "While, of course, it is true that many forms of manual labour are too severe for women, I hold that in any field of work where her strength will permit her to compete with Man, she can do as well as he can; while her general organisation will be no hindrance to her success and continued exertions." This is true; women's work is as good every bit, but—it is not so well paid. Now, if a woman-clerk is in every possible way as good as a man-clerk, why does she not receive the

same salary? In some cases she may, but in many cases she does not. It is manifestly unfair that women should not be paid for good work exactly the same as a man would be. There should be no question of getting women cheaper. It is very cruel to the women, and it lowers the standard of paid work all round. If women are cheap, mean firms will employ them in preference to men, and the men are thrown out of work. I wish from the bottom of my heart that women had not to work for their living; but nowadays many of them must do so or starve. They can no longer sit at home and embroider silken banners while the knights ride away singing—

"I'll make thee glorious by my pen
And famous by my sword."

No, the women must go down into the Hurly-Burly themselves; no one will bring them home the spoils of the fight, and they themselves must gather the bay-leaves with which to deck their brows. If their hearts ache and their hands are roughened and torn, no one can help it, and no one can do anything. That fathers are immensely to be blamed in bringing girls up in the lap of luxury, and then leaving them totally unprovided for, goes, of course, without saying. And yet it is done every day. They will tell you they expect their girls to marry; but even if they do expect them to marry, are they going to let them go to their husbands for every single penny. Are they going to give them nothing of

their own? A French Father can give his daughter a *dot*; why can an English Father not do the same thing? If the *dot* is there to be planked down on the wedding-day, it is equally there when the day comes that the kind and indulgent Father says "Good-bye." Ever so little money would help a girl to make her way in the world. It is surprising how small a nucleus of capital will form the basis of a successful business. There are few things a girl can take up that she has not to pay a premium for, or to which she has not to serve a long apprenticeship. How can she possibly do this if she is penniless? It would be far better to live in a simpler, less luxurious way, and put by something for the girls. If they marry well, so much the better; a little pocket-money of her very own would not come amiss to even a millionaire's wife. She could always feel her husband was not paying for his own Christmas present! As ten chances to one girls will not marry millionaires, their little *dot* will help to make a small home with some honest, straight young fellow who can bring the same amount. If the girls never marry, the *dot* will be useful to live on, or if very small, *half* live on. Any way you like to take it, it will not be wasted.

That a woman's proper sphere is her own happy home is an undoubted fact; of course a great many High-Falutin young women will tell you just the reverse. The chronicling of small-beer does not appeal to them. Well, as there are not nearly enough men to go round,

it's just as well some women feel themselves too superior for ordinary happiness. I wish there were enough men, and that every hard-working, weary, slopping-through-wet-streets and riding-in-stuffy-busses woman had a real good home, with a husband to take care of her and do the bread-winning, while she did the bread-baking. "Whoever makes a happy home for some one makes a happy world." Can you possibly do anything better than help to make a happy world? All you girls and women, who are (I hope) doing your share towards making the world's happiness, do think of the tired, worn-out workers who never see the sun except in short blinks through a high-up office window. Just think if you cannot do something for the Thursday's Bairns. They are not all interesting, sometimes they are very dull, and sometimes they are not grateful. But I don't think I should be grateful if I spent all my day tap, tap, tapping at a type-writer, nor particularly amiable if existence were passed in conducting small bored children through the intricacies of *Le Petit Precepteur*.

There are many Thursday's Bairns who want help and sympathy; a twopenny bunch of violets can brighten up a day wonderfully, the loan of a book, the gift of a magazine. Alice, just go into the morning-room and see if there isn't a magazine that could be given to somebody. Many of the women who work hard are invalids, and do all sorts of fine, intricate sewing lying flat on their backs. A jar of daffodils would make the little room look much

cheerier, and a visitor who would talk for half an hour, or let the Thursday's Bairn talk herself and sympathisingly listen, would have the satisfaction of knowing she had given a great deal of pleasure at the expenditure of one little half-hour. It must be weary work sitting all day stitch, stitch, stitching. We have had "The Song of the Shirt," but no one has yet written the Song of the Embroidery Frame. Charles Kingsley wrote, "Men must work and women must weep"; had he lived till the Twentieth Century he would have seen the women doing both the working and the weeping. Let those who are not obliged to work (they cannot escape the tears) do all in their power to help their less fortunate sisters. It is very grand to have name and fame, and be a very great novelist or a celebrated singer; but the path of Fame is beset with thorns, and though you may walk on roses at the end, you will walk on flint stones at the beginning. We hear of the successful, not of the rank and file who fall by the way and die in the ditch. For everyone who reaches the goal many perish by the wayside. Let the lucky and the fortunate hold out helpful hands to the stragglers on the road, and give a word of cheer to the faint-hearted. I believe even the greatest and most successful women long for a little peace and rest, a little escape from the world that is always with us. It is terrible to think what that longing for rest must be to the ordinary overworked, tired-out Thursday's Bairn, who has to strain every nerve to keep up in the race to

make sufficient to live on, often with others dependent on her. If we know any Thursday's Children working bravely and hard for their living, let us try, as far as we can, to bring some of the "small joys" of life within their reach.

"Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

"Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry,
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing, in its heedless hurry,
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck.

"For I am tired, so tired, of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do ;
I yearn, I faint for some of Life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running through.

"Ay, laugh if laugh you will, at my crude speech,
But women sometimes die of such a greed :
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need."

COOKING AND COOKS

TALLEYRAND is credited with the saying, "Shew me another pleasure like dinner, that comes every day and lasts an hour." Being a Frenchman, Talleyrand probably had a very good dinner. I wonder if all Englishmen could say the same. Men are popularly supposed to take a great interest in their food. Well, if they really do, then there are fathers, husbands, and brothers in our "right little, tight little Island" who are models of uncomplaining amiability. Day after day, night after night, tasteless messes, watery vegetables, and stuffy puddings are put in front of them. No woman has any right to give her Men Folk badly cooked, indigestible meals, and then as an excuse say, "It is so difficult to get a good cook." If a king is fit to be a king because he can black his own boots, then a woman is fit to be a Queen if she can cook. You are not necessarily devoid of all literary attainments because you know how to grill a chop without burning it to a cinder. Did Emily Brontë despise cooking? No, she made puddings with a German book propped against the bowl. I believe her puddings were light, lighter than the dumplings and sponge puddings made by the women who have never heard of, let alone read, *Wuthering Heights*.

We know Jane Welsh Carlyle baked bread, not at first very successfully; but she cheered herself with remembering Benvenuto Cellini and his Perseus where an ordinary woman would only have thought of *Dough*!

Useful, sensible household accomplishments do not mean an intellectual desert. Someone who called on Mrs. Lynn Linton during the last years of her life found her darning table-napkins! Some women think when they tell you they cannot hold a needle properly and know nothing of cooking, you immediately credit them with great mental powers. In point of fact you do just the reverse. Even if you are very intellectual, the day may come when you wish you had studied bread-baking or shirt-ironing and clear starching.

“She read Plutarch in the original
And Schopenhauer in bed,
But when cook left in the morning
Without giving any warning
She wished that she was dead,
For—she *can't* bake bread!”

Andrew Lang once said in an essay, “There are people who, with a front of brass, tell you they cannot read Dickens.” There are many—alas! too many—women who, with equal or still worse brazen-facedness, tell you they cannot cook, and, what is more, do not want to. Unabashed and unashamed, they smile sweetly at you across their flower-bedecked dinner-tables, seemingly oblivious to your well-bred efforts to eat their abominable

dinners. In the drawing-room they tell you what a very bad cook they have—a truly unnecessary statement; but for which fact they expect your sympathy. It never seems to dawn on them that they might have done a great deal themselves to improve the repast. To begin with, the lady of the house—if she cannot afford to give her cook extra help, or if, from motives of economy, she keeps a young and cheap one—could easily make many cold dishes that look pretty and taste good. She can spend a little time on making a prettily decorated sweet, and she can see that the ice is really cold and not tepid. The small boys who act as touts for the rival ice-cream shops in Calcutta tell you that their master is the only purveyor of ice-cream which is really cold. They pursue you, pointing at other shops with a lean, little brown hand, shouting, “No go there, sahib; he no sell good ice-cream; he sell *hot* ice-cream, sahib—*hot* ice-cream.” I have never been in India; but I have met “hot ice-cream” at many dinner-parties. It is absolutely inexcusable.

A knowledge of cooking is useful to every woman, and especially to those who wish (or have) to be economical. A cook cannot make her mistress believe a dish requires ten eggs and two pounds of butter when that mistress can herself make the dish with half the quantities. A slight acquaintance with the anatomy of edible beasts is an advantage. Butchers are but human; they will not send their best roasts to young housekeepers

who order "a leg of beef." To the wise in such things as brisket and under-cut Mr. Butcher gives his choicest joints. Alas! the poor ignorant never see anything but gristle, fat, and bone. Poor David Copperfield is not the only young husband who has wondered "whether our butcher contracted for all the deformed sheep that came into the world!" Dora's dinner for Traddles belongs to that "happy, insubstantial Time" that none of us can think of without tenderness. The butterflies are all blue and white, the larks are singing, the sun is shining; we are all young and everyone is happy; how can we criticise? But looked at in the cold light of common sense Little Blossom gave them an awful meal. The raw mutton eked out with caper sauce, the oysters, those "capital oysters," whose only drawback was that they were unopened, and there were no oyster knives; it certainly was a poor repast. Yet I love them all three so much, especially Traddles (wedged in between Jip's Pagoda and the guitar case exclaiming, "Oceans of room!"), that I would willingly eat gory mutton in their company. There are no Doras nowadays; we don't grow girls so sweet, so sunny tempered, and, if you like, so silly, but I am not at all sure that the modern maid, very much on the spot, well read *perhaps*, an athlete probably, would have given a very much better dinner, and I rather doubt Moderna appreciating the absolute excellence of Traddles. In a recent book occurs the following passage, which we all might well take to heart

(then there would be no raw mutton nor unopened oysters!): "Little girls should be taught cooking and baking more assiduously than they are taught to read." And they should be. Teaching a child to cook would be an easy task, for every little girl wants to cook. Why, children cook all the time, if it is only making liquorice-sticks and hot water into soup, or breaking biscuits into milk and calling it pudding. To be actually allowed to cook, to be invited into the kitchen instead of chased out of it—why, it would be a perfect delight, a holiday treat instead of a lesson. Just imagine it; to wear a nice white apron like cook's; to be personally conducted to the kitchen as an honoured guest instead of forbidden to go there! The heavenly grown-up feeling of being given a baking-board and a rolling-pin all to your own self! And then to be taught to make a cake out of currants and flour and all sorts of delicious things—I mean really taught, not just playing at it. Children are so much in earnest over everything that they are not half so fond of "fooling at things" as we think. Then, when the cake is ready for the oven, to be shown how to put it in, and to be allowed to peep into the black, vault-like abyss in which the poor little cake looks lost; and the joy when the cake is really baked and ready to be eaten at the nursery tea; the small, rather flushed, but eminently important baker cutting the cake for the little brothers and saying, "I made it all my own self." Why, it is the loveliest play in the world, and the most useful.

Half the battle of cooking is to have a real good Cookery book and then follow the receipts really carefully. Too much or too little of some special ingredient may spoil the dish and cause bitter disappointment. Exact measurement is absolutely necessary; a spoonful means a spoonful, not half a pint—a pinch is neither a few grains nor a tablespoonful. If any girl wishes to teach herself cooking, let her invest in Mrs. A. M. Booth's *Simple Cookery*. The receipts are masterly in their clearness and simplicity, everything is explained; and there is cooking for every taste. If you are a Vegetarian, "here's a trifle of" dainty dishes. All sorts of ways of disguising vegetables into cutlets and quenelles. Why, one dish is even called "Roast Baron!" It sounds positively medieval, not to say cannibal; and yet the "Baron" is made up of the harmless, necessary lentil, the homely onion, and various other innocuous compounds. Personally I think all vegetables and no meat rather dull; but to those who really think they are healthier and happier—the latter is generally the result of the former—when gramnivorously feeding I confidently recommend "Roast Baron." If any girl studies *Simple Cookery* from the "plain dishes" to the "Nougat Baskets," and then cannot cook, she may as well give it up, for she will never, never succeed in turning out anything better than Lady Jane Crawley's "abominable pie." To the Bachelor Girl, a chafing dish must be an inestimable boon. To those who either have a chafing

dish or are going to Harrod's Stores to buy one, let me recommend Mr. Frank Schloesser's *Cult of the Chafing Dish*. It is an ideal little book. The perfectly delicious, dainty meals you can cook on the table with no smoke, dirt, fuss, or worry! It is something more than an ordinary Cookery Book, it is positively poetical. "Chaffinda" becomes in imagination a faithful friend, a constant companion to whom we offer absolute allegiance. There is a well-known tale of a publisher who cruelly rejected a volume of poems as useless and unsaleable, but strongly advised the youthful poet to "go home and write a cookery book." Are all writers of cookery books really poets at heart? Are they merely writing out recipes for Soufflès and sweets because a morally sordid and food-loving public prefers pastry to poetry and will have none of their sonnets? Perhaps, who can tell? The world is full of good poetry which nobody reads and badly-cooked food which everybody eats. There are very few people who really care for poetry, though they will not own it; still fewer who are not interested in their food, though they would not own to that either; and the moral is, a good cookery book is better than inferior verses. I am sure I should feel so "digestible," so pleasant, so at peace with all men after a little supper cooked by "Chaffinda" that I might even read a whole volume of modern verse. The old Monk at the "Tre Fontane," near Rome, always tells tourists that a draught of Eucalyptine liqueur will make them feel like poets. It all

depends on the tourist ! We thought the liqueur merely nasty ; it tasted of cedarwood pencils, and we felt more like smugglers than poets, for we sat on two bottles of it driving past the Dogana. However, some people may like the taste of pencils and become poets after a visit to "Tre Fontane," but no one ever became a poet on heavy, indigestible, badly-cooked food. Why are people so fond of dining in public places ? Is it to see and be seen, or is it because the home cooking is so bad ? I am afraid it is the latter. Why are there so many patent ready-cooked foods on the market ? Because what is already cooked cannot be spoiled.

There never was a time when people talked so much about food or so much about health. Everyone has some particular fad to ventilate. One person tells you that Plasmon Cocoa has absolutely saved his life ; another that Grape-Nuts have made a new man of him ; still another comes along who is a believer in Force, and will have nothing to say in favour of any other food but the one that lifts "Sunny Jim high o'er the fence." I suppose, really, that all these things do good ; but am also rather inclined to believe that a plate of porridge is quite as good a breakfast-dish as any other farinaceous product. In our early childhood we were sternly told that almonds and nuts were extremely indigestible and bad for us ; of course we did not believe it, and surreptitiously even ate a vile and oily nut called a Brazil nut, that had two great attractions ; first, it was cheap ; secondly, as well as being

for juvenile consumption, it could be made to burn a blue flame! Now we find we were entirely misled; we might have devoured the Brazil, the green and unripe hazelnut, and the pennyworth of almonds before our parents' and teachers' eyes with perfect impunity. Almonds and nuts are no longer indigestible. If you wish to be thoroughly healthy and prolong your existence, you must eat nuts in handfuls; only you must drop such injurious things as chops and steaks. A recent charming work tells us that almonds, and plenty of them, are the most wholesome and nutritious form of diet. Indeed, it is almonds, almonds all the way; and, like the elephant who wanted "mair scones," we must clamour for "more almonds."

If "one man's meat is another man's poison," all wrongly cooked food is every man's poison. There are seriously unhygienic results from cooking without sense or science. Nothing in the British Isles is worse cooked than our vegetables, especially the homely nutritious cabbage. It can be so good; it is generally so sodden, damp, and depressing! Englishwomen seem to have a rooted objection to giving you vegetables as a course by themselves.

It is not one atom more expensive to have French beans, spinach, or peas, as a separate course than to have them crowding up a meat plate along with potatoes and perhaps another vegetable. Good, fresh lettuce is often soaking wet; few cooks seem to realise it ought to be perfectly dry and crisp; when they are allowed to add the dressing

themselves it is either all oil or all vinegar. A particularly favourite British Salad is lettuce cut in strips like ribbons—everyone knows lettuce should be broken with the fingers, which reminds me of the first rule in salad-making—"Wash your hands." Much good food is spoilt in the cooking by carelessness and stupidity, very often positive ignorance. Good meat is ruined by being fried; it should, of course, be grilled; but the inferior (sometimes the superior!) cook persistently clings to the frying-pan—it is her sheet-anchor. Everything she can get hold of she pops into that wretched pan. The breakfast bacon that should be toasted, the fillet steak and the loin of mutton-chop that should be grilled, over they go, all into the frying-pan. Is this stupidity or ignorance? Probably both, with a good large piece of laziness thrown in. Let the mistress of the house see that the frying-pan is occasionally allowed a peaceful rest hanging in the scullery, and let her ultimatum be, "Grill or go." People divide cooks into any number of classes, from the cook-general to the *chef*, who, like Monsieur Mirobolant (Chevalier de Juillet), composes his menus to the strains of his own grand piano. Do you remember the marvellous meal—he called it a poem—which he prepared for Blanche Amory that began with "Potage à la Reine Blanche," and ended with ices in the form of two hearts united by an arrow? There is certainly a wide difference between the Sixteen-pounder and the cook who receives a salary (I am sure *he* would not call it wages) that runs

into four figures. But all the same, I am rather inclined to divide cooks into two classes, those who can cook and those who cannot. If a cook can roast with intelligence, boil to the minute, and do her plain dishes correctly and carefully, she is quite capable of following an elaborate recipe and sending up a really first-rate dinner. What people call a "good Plain Cook" generally cannot cook at all unless it is "Yorkshire Pudding" or "Sardines-on-Toast," and never in the least wishes to learn anything new; also the G.P.C. has views of her own and does not like to be interfered with. If a young mistress has any knowledge of cooking herself, she cannot do better than take a young girl who has been a kitchen maid, who is anxious to get on, and likes to try new things. A grand cook in a small establishment is more trouble than she is worth; she turns up her nose at inexpensive dishes, she is much too superior to make the servants' meals (an important item) comfortable, and she runs you into any amount of extravagance and large weekly books. She is about as much an annoyance to an economical housewife as the Baker was to the Bellman in *The Hunting of the Snark*:—

"He came as a Baker, but owned when too late—

And it drove the poor Bellman half mad—

He could only bake bridecake, for which, I may state,

No materials were to be had."

There are a good many people like the Baker. What an excellent thing they could make of Life with different

materials—cake ones! But they are not inclined to make the best of the flour and yeast (for plain bread) lying to their hand. I rather distrust the Swagger Bakers, either cooks or otherwise. If you gave them the finer materials would they be satisfied? Would they not still

“Want de moon to play wid
And de stars to run away wid”?

I am afraid they would even be dissatisfied with the moon if someone tall enough and obliging enough lifted it down from the sky. What a good thing it is we do not know the Tall Agrippa! For, ah me! how disappointing are moons and stars when we actually have them! We ought to be thankful that we are not so unlucky as to get what we want when we cry for it.

We are all, however, at liberty to expect a good dinner when we are bidden to a friend's house. We ought to try to be able to give a good dinner; a little dinner, a few guests, but everything (guests and all) perfect in their own way. Not a Gargantuan feed with a “groaning table.” No wonder the poor table groans! So does everybody else. Would you like to sit down to a meal consisting of Fourteen Hundred and Forty-five dishes? And such dishes! There were 12 Stump Pyes, 8 Godwits, 4 Fawns, 10 Oyster Pyes hot, Skirrets, Taffeta Tarts, a Salamagundy, an Oglie hot, 24 Puffins, and a Botargo. These are only a few of the good things to which James II. and his Queen sat down at their Corona-

tion Feast. Now, dear Mrs. Just-set-up-House-Angelina! You cannot possibly give Edwin's friends a Bortargo, and I do not think they would care much for Puffins, but at the same time you do not want to give them raw mutton. You want to give them a nice little carefully-thought-out meal, prettily served, tasting as nice as it looks, and then Edwin's bachelor friends will go away thinking what a lucky man Edwin is, and what a charming, clever little wife he has. Mind you, they might say that if you are a very brilliant conversationalist, even if the soup was tepid, the fish doubtful, and the entrées sloppy; but they would not be quite so enthusiastic. Another thing, Angelina, do not attempt too much. You probably cannot afford very elaborate entertainments, have a little good of its kind, and do not give simple English dishes French names. "Mutton's Mutton," even when called Mouton aux Navets. You could just tolerate burnt Scotch Broth, but you would greatly resent smoke-tasting Potage de Mouton à l'Ecossaïse. Names are only names certainly, but you naturally expect greater elegance from Adolphus than from plain Bill. Don't call Bill Adolphus, as Mrs. Wittitterly did, not even on a Menu; so very often Monsieur Adolphe merely "eats" honest English Bill. Start your little dinner with good soup. Napoleon said, "Soup makes the soldier," and Sir John Sinclair maintained that "the great heroes of antiquity lived on broth." I wish people would remember these two

testimonials in favour of soup, and give it us good; neither coloured water nor brownish sediment. Soup is not expensive, and it is not so very much trouble, as, once the stock is carefully made, it will last for several days. There are such numbers of delightful soups, and yet the most popular seem to be three: a white, tasting of artichokes and called "Palestine"; a brown soup, that you may call anything you like according to your fancy; and clear soup, which stands out pre-eminent as a party-soup. Clear soup, to be really good, is very expensive, and if not good, it tastes of hot water; in fact, it is rather like a well-known comedian's opinion of ping-pong: "A very nice game, but too much nothing about it." If you are going to have clear soup, make sure that there is not about it a preponderance of "nothing." Buy plenty of hough of beef, make the soup carefully, season it carefully, and have some pretty garnishing: asparagus-heads, neatly cut and coloured little squares of custard, or tiny little puffs of French pastry; but, "an' you love us," not strips of the common carrot. Why is it Englishwomen will not buy ice? I suppose they look upon it as extravagance. Throwing away sour milk and turned butter is not particularly cheap. Yet, the British Matron prefers thunderstorm milk, oily butter, and a general tepidness to expending one silver shilling on ice. If you have a handy cheap little ice-box, you can keep things beautifully fresh with a sixpenny block of ice. It is so much better in the Summer months to knock off some of

the joints and spend the money on ice, fruit, and fresh green vegetables. Let the butcher's book go down, and the greengrocer's go up. You will be cooler, better tempered, healthier, and clearer complexioned on tomatoes and lettuces than fatly and hotly eating chops in sultry weather.

I have a friend who went to lunch with some people on a grilling day in July—a day when the ground was red-hot and the sky like a molten furnace, a day that made you hot to breathe and vermilion in the face if you moved about. The luncheon consisted of a boiled round of beef, with “the usual trimmings,” the dumpy dumplings, the carrots, and the turnips; and do you know why? Because it was Thursday, and all the year round boiled beef is their usual Thursday luncheon. Only one day in the week should be sacred to a particular dish and that day is Sunday. The Sunday Sir Loin of beef (was it Charles II. who knighted him?) is like the *Times*, a bulwark of the British Constitution. We always have a Sunday roast, even though I cannot yet (not even at the cheaper rate) afford the *Times*. Monotonous it may be, but it gives us a feeling of well-being and security. Something like knowing there is a Policeman about to protect you from burglars. Then Sir Loin (he certainly deserved his knighthood) has this great advantage, he can be hot in winter and cold in summer. I rather like the way the butcher says: “The usual Roast, Ma'am, for Sunday?” It sounds so comfortable, “the usual roast”!

However cosmopolitan we may feel during the week, we like to feel British on Sunday; we like to remember our language contains the word Home. I do not say the Sunday dinner is romantic; but it was the same sort of dinner we ate when we were children, when we walked back from the country church with our hands closely held by hands whose loving touch we long for now. It is by no means a bad thing to be reminded of your childhood, even by such a prosaic, mundane thing as a roast of beef. Perhaps, after all, nothing really is mundane. If "Romance brought up the 9.15," why should romance not be connected with cooking hot joints and cold savouries? "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and a good thing too; or some of us would have a bad time. Everything is beautiful if looked at in the right way—just as everybody is good inside them deep down; if we cannot see their goodness now, we will some day. Everything that is worth doing is worth doing well. All labour is beautiful, if you are writing a poem or writing a cookery book, which brings us back to Poets and Cooks once more. After all, both have their uses. If the Goblin left the Poet to live with the Huckster "because of the jam," we cannot live entirely on fine thoughts and lofty sentiments; I am quite sure that in his own line he was a very good Huckster—unquestionably he was generous with his jam!

THE WEDDING GUEST

IF you have read *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, you cannot have forgotten the chapter headed My First Walk with the Schoolmistress. You remember how they walked "under Mr. Paddock's row of English elms" till they came to the burial ground, where the Autocrat related the sad and tragical history of one Benjamin Woodbridge, who died for the love of a Ladye. The dear little Schoolmarm said nothing, but she dropped her rosebud through the railings on to the grave of the poor, brave young lover. This little tender action, full of unspoken sympathy, caused the Autocrat to make one of his wisest and truest remarks—"How women love Love!" How true it is! I do not think there is one woman worthy of the name who does not "love Love," and take a sympathetic interest in a real love story. However hard the Fenwicks, Forsters, and Musgraves rode and ran, we may be sure the women of the different families thought the bride had done perfectly right. Cold looks would greet the Graemes when they returned from their "racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea"—every woman in Netherby would be on the side of the young Lochinvar. As they sat at their embroidery frames, or went about their household tasks, how they would whisper and sigh

and talk of Lochinvar, his gallantry, his daring and his good looks. At the bottom of their hearts how devoutly they hoped more Lochinvars would "come out of the west" and ride away with them! I am sure all the women of her acquaintance applauded the ladie who "loot the tears doon fa'" when she finally made up her mind to be "o'er the border and awa'" with her Jock o' Hazeldean. Scottish maidens seem to have much preferred to be run away with. Was there not a charming young woman who kilted her coats with green satin and departed to the Highlands? Went off, too, with a young gentleman of whom she knew nothing, and who had evidently an immense idea of his own importance!

"O! Leezie lass, ye maun ken little
If sae be ye dinna ken me."

Another lady also made off to the Highlands, but she, poor thing, came to a sad end, and we know her stern parent was left lamenting. Even an "English ladye bright" was bewitched by one of these fascinating Scottish knights; alas! she too suffered through obdurate relatives. But the Scottish knight became a Crusader

"and died for her sake in Palestine;
So Love was still the lord of all."

We leave the days of Crusaders and come to a little nearer our own times, and still we find Love lording it over all in his own way. He is a very dull dog who passes Gretna Green Station without a thought of the

blacksmith, without one thought of all those young things who escaped over the Border. They generally left an irate pursuer gesticulating beside an overturned post-chaise. For it was always the parent or guardian's post-chaise that broke down, which shows that post-chaises have hearts after all, though they keep them among mouldy leather and creaking springs. No wonder there were no horses nor post-boys for elderly, unromantic guardians when every man and woman in the place was on the side of the runaways. The ostlers, innkeepers, and post-boys would have laid down their lives for the sweet Miss ("bless her pretty face!") in the silk pelisse. As for the women, every chambermaid and waiting-maid was deeply in love with the young gentleman in the top boots, and greatly admired his pale, anxious face. They would all have done anything to aid the young couple and retard the progress of disagreeable old gentlemen. Perhaps in many cases it would have been better if, like Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers, the boy and girl had been caught and each taken back to their own home, who knows? Everyone in the world was on their side, as we are now when we think of them. Love is still the Lord of all, but no one thinks of running away in a motor-car. Modern clothes are not suitable to romantic elopements. There are no old inns, and never a post-chaise left. Can a chauffeur (in goggles) take the place of devoted postillions, urging on their wild careers like Mazeppas in top boots? Even if there was still an obliging black-

smith, who would ever arrive at Gretna Green pursued by detectives and bombarded by telegrams and telephones! Besides, who wants to run away nowadays? There are no old Family Feuds, no "heads of two houses at variance with each other." It was just that variance that caused all the runaway weddings. You have only to tell Master Montague he is *not* to look at Miss Capulet to make him quite determined to scale the wall of the Capulet's garden. Merely mention to Juliet that Romeo is the last man that she is to fall in love with, and of course she promptly falls in love with him on the spot. "Wherefore art thou Romeo" indeed! Juliet knew perfectly well it was because he *was* Romeo that he was hanging on to her window. If the Capulets had asked him to dinner, and told Juliet he was the very man they wanted for a son-in-law, she would have scorned him. No rope ladders then, no dagger and bowl, and no tragedy. Well! well! the Capulets, I suppose, knew their own business best, but they certainly made a mess of it. Juliet, though very young, must have been a charmingly sweet and pretty child. Romeo's taste had evidently improved since he was so madly in love with "that same pale, hardhearted wench, that Rosaline." Perhaps Rosaline was not so bad after all, even though Mercutio did not admire her, and Friar Lawrence was so very sick of her. Romeo must have been a bit of a trial to his friends, especially to the good Friar, who would have agreed with Bon Gaultier—

"For oh ! it is the greatest bore
Of all the bores I know :
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short while ago."

How much more discreet was winsome Viola, who "never told her love," but bravely masqueraded as Cesario when her heart was breaking. Viola had a sense of humour, no woman devoid of humour could have said, "Excellently done, if God did all," to Olivia. She was a merry, happy maiden, I only hope the Duke was good enough for her. With the exception of Ophelia, poor soul, she could hardly be merry with a lover like Lord Hamlet and such a prosy old father as Polonius ; nearly all Shakespeare's heroines were merry. 'Tis a quality rarely met with in girls of the present day. Merriment is a good old English word that means cheerfulness and gaiety and does *not* mean loud and senseless laughter ; nor does it mean screaming at the pitch of your voice, nor an unending stream of rather vulgar chaff. The merry heart that goes all the way without tiring is the heart so full of generous good-fellowship that there is no room in it for envy, jealousy, and small-mindedness. You can be very amusing with a spiteful tongue, but you will never be merry. Beatrice, who was "born in a merry hour," teased poor Benedict unmercifully ; but she was nevertheless a brave and loyal woman—nothing of the Feminine Cat about her. "Benedick the Married Man" would be greatly envied, I am sure, his dear Lady Disdain made him a very good wife.

Light-hearted Rosalind, even "bonny Kate," who was also "sometimes Kate the Curst," were nearer the old ideal of what a wife should be than the maidens of to-day. For long ago a wife had to be "merry, buxom, and debonnaire." Now we occasionally see old ladies who answer this description, but precious few young ones. Young men would have some difficulty in finding brides if they insisted on these three qualifications. And yet they are very important, especially the Merry. The merry-hearted woman looks on the bright side, and she also sees the humorous side of things. It is wonderful how a little humour will smooth away difficulties. Though humour cannot bring the plumber immediately when the boiler bursts, humour will help to fill up the deficiencies till he does arrive. Humoursome cold mutton is a better meal than doleful ortolans dressed à la Madame Gummidge. Laughter and tears are so near akin that the merry heart is generally a very tender one. It is a wise youth who chooses a wife who will look at his little faults through a mist of tender laughter. "Be to my virtues very kind"—not a bit of it, never mind the virtues! Look at the faults very kindly, that is the main thing. Do not pretend there are no faults, that is merely idiotic, but try and see them with the humour tap turned on full, and the tenderness tap half on. It is wonderful how in time you learn to love the little faults and mistakes (that we all make, "even the youngest of us"!), how they become dearer than the virtues. It would perhaps be

rather sweeping to say no marriages are failures where the wife has a sense of humour, but I do think it makes for happiness when a woman can see a joke. If she can only bring herself to laugh at the same old jokes over and over again, her domestic peace is secured. For the best of men, fathers, husbands, and brothers, are greatly addicted to relating the same anecdotes "many a time and oft"! Sometimes a story becomes such an old friend that if by any chance you do not hear of him for, say, three days you quite miss him. It's a small thing to laugh at an old story, and yet some women simply *won't*. There are other women who spoil the best tale going by dashing into the midst of it and demanding absolute accuracy. The good *raconteur* gives much pleasure and amusement, he is often "a fellow of infinite jest"—can we not forgive him a little local colour? A long-drawn bow does no one any harm when it is only some anecdote or traveller's tale that is being told. We need not draw the long bow in our ordinary conversation, nor exaggerate till people end by never believing a word we say. But there are times when absolute accuracy is necessary, and times when a little inaccuracy is not of much consequence. Accuracy does not always mean absolute truthfulness. If you will turn to page 73 of *Virginibus Puerisque* you will read a great deal about Truth put in Stevenson's own inimitable way. I assume that you possess the book, if not, please young Sir, and young Mistress, go out to the nearest bookseller's and buy it at

once. You will not regret the expenditure. Stevenson's great teaching is that it is quite as important to be cheerful and happy as to be good. To be cheerful *is* of immense importance. We know what is the reward of the Cheerful Giver. It is a sad fact that many people give with such a bad grace that they would really be better not to give at all. The wife is the giver, she gives *herself*—it is a very great and wonderful gift; and she gives her time, thought, and care to the home that the husband has provided for her. Now let her give cheerfully. If you have not a housekeeper and a large staff of servants you must look after things yourself. Do not grumble about it, do not continually bemoan your fate because you have to order the dinner. Bride, it would do you good if you had to cook it!

The young husband buys the carpets, it is your business to see they are kept properly brushed. It is not such a terrible toil to keep a house fairly decent; you need not give up all games and amusements and spend all your days poring over a *Hints to Young Housekeepers*, or making dusters. Only do not grudge the time spent on your home, give that time cheerfully. It is not necessary to have such an immaculate mansion that a scratch on a polished table makes you weep. White paint must lose its pristine freshness, cigarette and cigar ash is excellent for moths, so don't worry about it; and do not fuss after your husband and scold him because he *will* leave everything lying about. A cross word is a much

greater offence than leaving a coat on the floor. It is quite as bad to make a bugbear of your clean tidy house as to have dirty curtains and dead flowers. There is a sort of middle course between easygoingness and strictness that is such a pleasant path that your feet positively dance along it. Do not sacrifice your husband's comfort to servants' hours, or to rules and regulations. The home ought not to be a Penitentiary for anyone, not even for the dog! Don't you know the women who say, "I like a dog in its proper place," and they mean a chain and a kennel and the backyard? There are some women who would sit down to their meals if the Universe was rocking to its centre. Cold mutton for everyone who was foolish enough to take any notice of the Earthquake! You must, of course, clear away meals, but do let them be so constituted that they can come back, and have hot soup somewhere about the house night and day in case of emergencies. There are women, excellent women, too, that is the worst of it, you can't condemn them out and out, who will let you shiver in June and bake in November because they have hard-and-fast rules about fires. Rules are all very well, but they can and ought to be occasionally broken. I would much prefer to live with the Jellybys than with the Gradgrinds, though neither style of household management is exactly to be recommended. Still, Africa and the natives of Borrioboolagha would be easier to cope with than Thomas Gradgrind's hard facts measured out with a three-foot

rule. If Love is only Lord of all, what a difference it makes in the home! The very door-knocker has a cheerful, genial appearance. He smiles brassily as if to tell you there is a real welcome inside. Why, the front hall and the way the maid opens the door shows you whether the husband and wife are one or very much two! Unless people are going to be all in all to each other, I cannot imagine why they even think of marriage. It seems such a dreadful waste of time; nothing takes so long as arguing and quarrelling and explaining, making it up and quarrelling again. People tell you there is nothing like a real good quarrel for clearing the air and making you better friends. This may be true of schoolboys, but then, that is fists, not words. Two boys may hammer each other till they both have black eyes, and then shake hands and swear an Eternal Friendship. But as we presume few husbands and wives of any education or refinement take to fists or throwing plates about, they are better not to quarrel. Words are more dangerous to sling about than plates. The plate may miss your head, the unkind word rarely misses your heart.

“Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words :
'Careful with fire' is good advice, we know ;
'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said !”

Is it old-fashioned to think the words of the Marriage

Service mean something? Do "love" and "cherish" mean nagging and wrangling, black looks and cross words? I believe the "obey" is considered by some moderns terribly antiquated and out of date, but even, dear young women, if you insist on taking your own way, do take it pleasantly and agreeably. It is so mean to sulk till you make poor unfortunate Jack give you £15 for a frock that he cannot afford and you really do not want. Most of all, do not run up huge bills that your hard-working Peter knows nothing about. Are there no qualms of conscience, no little pinpricks of remorse when he tells you "how sweet you look in your old pale blue"—and you know it's *not* the old one, but a brand-new pale blue? I have heard young wives say, "Jack is such a goose, he never knows when I have anything new. Isn't it a good thing?" Then when Jack receives a bill a yard long they dissolve into tears, and the wretched Jack feels a brute because he is not a Millionaire. An easy mind and an old gown seem to me better possessions than the latest painted chiffon and an uneasy conscience. There is Jack reading his *Daily Mail* and drinking his coffee just going off to work for you, *for you*, remember! And you are pushing Madame Eugenie's bill under the tablecloth. Is Jack a blind bat? Perhaps, but *you* are a mean cat. Besides, who are you dressing up for? The excellent Jack admires you in anything, the other women only speculate as to how you are going to pay for your clothes. Indeed, it is worse, for they wonder who

is going to pay for them. And as for the other men, do you want to dress up for the admiration of the passing young man? Men really know much less about women's clothes than the women think; they know if a woman looks nice, and unless she is positively hideous and a perfect fright, most nice men think a woman *does* look nice. But they really know very little about dress. Only last night I asked a man what someone had worn at a big Function, and his answer was, "I think it was *gelatine*, at least it looked like it; anyway, she looked very nice." Now, is it worth while to imperil your whole domestic happiness to have a stray man say you are robed in a *gelatine* costume? If a marriage is to be a really happy one there must be absolute confidence and absolute trust. That does not mean you are to tell your husband every little secret belonging to other people—a most offensive habit—but you must have no secrets of your own. How people exist with a secret I can't imagine. To sit opposite your (presumably) nearest and dearest at breakfast and dinner talking about anything and everything, in mortal dread that you will be asked questions, must be a very uncomfortable way of going through life. After all, we all make fools of ourselves now and then; the people who say they don't only prove what fools they be. But to keep your folly secret makes it ten thousand times worse. Some young wives seem to find immense pleasure in secret flirtations and secret assignations with any kind of young man who is silly

enough to flatter them. This is all so vulgar and contemptible that it is hardly worth discussing. A sensible husband likes his wife to be admired, to be made much of; he has no objection to her having men friends. But no sensible man wants his house littered about with tame Pussy-cat youths from morning till night. He is perfectly right to object, and his wife is a very silly girl if she calls him a tyrant and thinks herself ill-used. But a wife has no right to be foolishly jealous if her husband says, "What a pretty girl Miss Smith is!" or, "How beautifully Miss Jones dances!" Jealous Love is a poor love. The jealous ones should remember poor little Humphry Duncombe: "Jealous means angry! Oh, I couldn't be angry with Miles!" I think jealous *does* mean angry. Do we want to go through the world in one continuous outburst of anger? If your husband talks for ten minutes to an undeniably pretty girl, don't snort and gasp as if you were going to have a fit. A jealous woman may have great provocation, a married flirt is rather an unpleasant type of animal, but unfortunately, owing to her snorts and barks, she gets very little sympathy. You may be very pathetic, but if you look ridiculous the outside world only laughs at you. If you marry a very handsome, fascinating man you must expect other women to make up to him. After all, you have the satisfaction of knowing he is your property. In the same way the husband of a really beautiful woman has the satisfaction of knowing all that beauty belongs to him.

Perhaps it is safer for domestic peace to choose the plain ones of the earth; undoubtedly there are plenty of them. Love is a great beautifier. Just think of all the plain girls who have blossomed out into positive beauties in the sunshine of husband and children's love. Away go discontent and the feeling nobody wants them. Is he an ordinary little man with red hair and eyeglasses? Bless you! he is not ordinary to her, and if she is worth her salt she would not change him for Apollo and Narcissus rolled into one. What a good thing it is we do not all admire the same men and women! You constantly hear people say, "What *can* she see in him?" or, "How could he fall in love with her?" Well, Edwin sees looks and qualities in Angelina that you cannot see. Angelina adores her Edwin and yet perhaps you almost weep with boredom when he takes you in to dinner. You think how awful it would be to have Edwin for meals always, and you look up to see him and Angelina exchange a little glance (through the flowers) of such beaming good-fellowship and admiration that you positively feel uplifted in spirit and quite ready to listen to Edwin discussing Radium or Bi-metallism! Oh! dear people, do look happy and pleased with each other—it is so comforting. It is much nicer to think your own particular darling goose is a swan of utter perfection than not to admire your poor cygnet and call him an ugly duckling. A good many wives talk of their husbands with a kind of gentle pity: "Yes, dear Bob is very good

and kind, but he doesn't quite understand me." I pity Bob not because he doesn't understand his wonderful wife but because *she is* his wife. Women rather want to make you believe they married Bob or Dick because the aforesaid Dick and Bob were absolutely dying for them. I never believe it, in all probability it was the other way about. Dick and Bob may not be dukes nor millionaires but in most cases they are far too good for the women they have married. It is surprising what men—honest, decent, simple-minded creatures—put up with. They are worried and nagged at because they are not rich or because they do not live in London or Paris or Timbuctoo. They hear incessantly of the temperament and vitality of their marvellous wives that are becoming submerged by the dullness of their existence. And the poor dears promise anything from a houseboat on the Ganges to a villa at Monte Carlo! Anything for peace. They work harder and harder and grow thinner and thinner while Arethusa (possibly with "rainbow locks") tells her friends "dear Joe is so good, but, of course, he cannot understand my temperament, which positively craves for enjoyment." Arethusa, my dear, Hang your Temperament!

"Down on your knees and thank
Heaven fasting, for a good man's love."

A good many marriages come to grief because they are built on a wrong foundation. Vanity and selfishness and

passion are not good building materials. Passion in his mantle of scarlet and gold, pomegranate-crowned, radiant, alluring, is a poor creature without plain, solid love and friendship to cling to. If his wondrous mantle grows dim as the years go by love and friendship become truer and more tender. Love must build him a house upon the rock, strong, true, unselfish, and faithful. If the storms break and the waves beat, Love has a refuge that shall endure. Love is the greatest thing in the world, greater than Life, greater than Death. Love of children, love of friends, and the most wonderful of all love: that of husband and wife. Alas! that of all loves it is the one we have desecrated and dishonoured. We drag it into a Court of Justice, poor Love! bound, shame-stricken; we snatch off his golden crown and trample it in the dust. The greatest thing in the world, and we try to make it the poorest and the worst. We were given a wonderful gift that would help us to live, teach us how to die, and we cover it with contempt and shame. Do not marry if you are not sure that you are marrying the one person in all the world that you wish to be with; that you wish to live with "for better, for worse." If you cannot feel it is not only for this little life but for the great Beyond, leave it alone. This world is too short for a great love. If we look up from "Nature unto Nature's God," we can look from the Marriage at Cana up to the heavens where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, but where there is love purified and Love

Eternal. You may make a very grand marriage in the eyes of the world, but it may in reality be poorer in love and more wretched than the marriage of a couple of beggars, rich in nothing but love for each other. Money, titles, position, even Fame itself, are worthless without love. You must be like the Princess—

“ Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.”

And please remember she *followed*, she didn't lead the way! She followed her husband, prepared to go anywhere that he chose to take her. That is real love. If you are not ready to go to a desert island with the man of your choice, then there is something wrong, and you will be wise not to go on with it. What if the presents are already in the house? Never mind, send them back. Better to bear a little unpleasantness for a few weeks than lifelong misery, for it *is* misery. To a woman a loveless marriage is worse than misery. Have a pretty wedding, flowers, favours, a big cake, plenty of presents and brightness and happiness. Ask all your friends (your enemies, too, if you like!), but, remember, there is only one wedding guest who really matters; he is not very big, he won't take up much room. But if you have your wedding without him, you will be a miserable woman—the name of the guest is Love.

THE LONG LANE

TROUBLE LANE is a very long one and has this most depressing quality that the more we look at it the longer it grows. We strain our eyes in the vain hope of seeing the end, or seeing some turning, and all we *can* see through the clouds of dust is an unending, straight, interminable road. It is wiser not to spend any time looking for the turning, but plod along and hope for the best. You may be quite sure the turning will come when you least expect it, and in the most out-of-the-way manner possible. You look along the lane of trouble and see nothing but worry and bothers in front of you, when suddenly a turning appears with a big finger-post pointing "To Happiness Meadow." You know that for weeks, months, sometimes years, you have seen nothing but that dull dreary old lane. You begin to wonder if the finger-post has always been there and if your stupid tired eyes have missed it. Now occasionally it *is* there waiting for us to have sense to see the way out of the lane. But very often the finger-post is not there at all till it appears just at the right moment. We were really not ready to enjoy the pleasant delights of the meadow before. Not quite tired and dusty enough to appreciate the thick cool grass; nor quite prepared to

be grateful, thankful, and joyful. Once we are fairly at home in Happiness Meadow we begin to think there is no Trouble Lane at all. Hey! presto! Something goes wrong, and here we are back in the lane again. Now if our sojourn in that happy, peaceful meadow has done us any good the lane will never be quite so weary and dusty again. We will take with us the memory of sweet-smelling clover, of singing birds. It has been a time of refreshment, "a season of calm shining to cheer us," and we ought to be the better for it. Troubles are not to be confused with sorrow. Sorrow is a great king before whom we lie crushed and broken; sorrow is too great, too awful for me to write about. Each heart "knoweth its own bitterness"; it would be only presumption to say what anyone should think or do under the burden of a great loss. Troubles are different; we all have them, and must have them; they cannot be got rid of. We can pray that we, most of all those we love, may be spared great sorrow, but we cannot escape the ordinary pin-pricks of life. We have all "to do time" in Trouble Lane. Sunny-souled people make the best of the lane with its tiresome old milestones. Worry on one, Loss of Money on another, and Disappointment on a third. The sunny-natured make very light of that first milestone, but it fairly breaks those who take a gloomy view. Worry is infinitely more wearing than the hardest work. What crushes so many people is combining work with worry. It is a very bad partnership. It is ex-

tremely difficult not to worry, and quite easy, nothing easier, than to say, "Don't worry." Doctors are particularly fond of telling you to take things lightly and comfortably and not to worry. You feel inclined to answer: "Why don't you tell me not to breathe?" Excessive worrying does no one any good. There is no need to take a seat on the Worry Milestone, like Dick Whittington on his way to London. If you do, you will never, never get out of Trouble Lane. Even though Dick fell asleep he woke and heard the bells ringing. We must not be so full of worries that we cannot hear the faint music of distant silver bells. Our ambitions may not be centred on being Lord Mayors; but whatever we want to be, or to do, or to have, we will not arrive at it by worrying. Perhaps you are lucky enough to be far away from Trouble Lane. There is no need to think about it or wonder how soon you will have to take a walk along it. As Abraham Lincoln said, "Don't try to cross the Bigmuddy Creek till you come to it." There is no necessity to go out looking for trouble. Even when we see troubles and worries looming ahead of us we need not make them worse with anxiety.

"The clouds we so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on our head."

People say it is such a sad thing to think of an unhappy childhood. Not nearly so sad as to see an unhappy old

age. It is not want of sympathy with children or young people that makes me say this; it is only what I really feel about old age. To be young and alone is nothing; to be old and alone—is it not terrible? To begin with, though it is true that as long as there's life there is hope, there is a great deal more hopefulness in the young than in the old. They can look forward. You say so can the old, and their looking forward is a greater and more wonderful outlook. True, but we are human, and however much we may look forward to the Great Beyond, we want some love and happiness here. Youthful misery is very sad but there *is* the youth. Anything may turn up. What can turn up for the old? Besides, when you see an unhappy old woman you feel she must have missed it all along the line. A peevish, grumbling, lonely, discontented woman is a depressing sight. She will perhaps tell you what a happy childhood she had, how greatly she was fêted and admired as a girl, how much money she used to have—"everything I could wish for, and now——" Yes, and now—there is nothing left but a cross selfish old wife whom nobody wants to be bothered with. Better not to hear the birds in the morning and have "in our hearts a late lark singing" when it comes to the end. Perhaps we may hear the early twitter of the swallows and the "late lark" too, but we cannot have happiness all the time. There are worse things than being repressed and sat on when you are young. You do not permanently live in Trouble

Lane; you have a respite sometimes. If you spend the early years very unhappily, you have youth's wonderful hopefulness and elasticity to help you, and you can look forward to the good years. For all the years are not lean. We have very fat years as well as very skinny ones. Let us be devoutly thankful for the happiness and try and make the best of the bad times. What a blessing it is that no sensible person finds the world so bitter at fifty as they did at twenty-five! Who so pessimistic as the callow youth who has not yet learned to fly? We look back at our childish sorrows and laugh; at our broken hearts (when we were bitterly twenty-five) and laugh too. How we worshipped the half-gods and thought them all that was perfect! I do not say youthful sorrows are not real—they are real, they are overwhelming. Dear girl! you will not believe me I know. I did not believe what was said to me when I was your age. Only, it is really true that the years "bring the philosophic mind"; really true that the overwhelming grief fades away. We can all be crossed in love, even an oyster is not exempt! Yet the sun will shine again, we will again take an interest in our frocks, and again enjoy our food. What is more, as time goes on we see what utter fools we were. We get rid of those old half-gods. "When half-gods go the gods arrive," and when you really meet a god you wonder how you ever thought the half-god was worth making yourself miserable about. Are we going to be reasonable, helpful, sensible members

of society? Then all our youthful griefs and disappointments must teach us something. Some people require very hard discipline, and some folk are not worth being disciplined. Is "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" difficult to understand? Does it not mean that those who have been given most and from whom most will be expected must be trained for what they have to do? "Fine spirits are not touched but to fine issues." We prune the fine fruit-bearing cheery tree in the orchard. Perhaps the cherry tree thinks the pruning-knife very cruel; it may wish it was the wild gean growing in the wood left to its own sweet will. But the fruit of the gean is sour—almost uneatable, and the orchard cherries are sweet and wholesome. Are we afraid of the pruning-knife? The Hand that holds it is very tender; though He cuts deep, He will not cut deeper than we can bear, and He gives us wonderful help and strength and consolation. We were never meant to be miserable. We were meant to be happy. I believe goodness and happiness are much the same thing. Some day everyone will be good and everyone will be happy. I am always greatly irritated by the way some people talk of their troubles as if they were a kind of treat—not cheerfully, but with a sort of gloomy joy; in a word—they are resigned. It is humbug to say we are thankful for troubles. We may live to see they were the right and best thing for us, but at the time it is sheer hypocrisy to waggle our heads solemnly and say, "Ah! happiness is a great snare."

People who talk like that don't deserve to have any happy times for they are incapable of appreciating them. Ill-health has a great deal to do with unhappiness. I do not mean real disease but the feeling "not quite well." I think it is Longfellow who says "No one with a heart and brain is ever quite well." Does that comfort you? I think it is very poor comfort, because the chances are your brain is not thought much of by other people, and what vagaries a heart can lead you into! The most intangible ailment you can suffer from is nerves. Now, my fine upstanding strong young women, do not say nerves are all rubbish and do not exist. They do exist. Because you have not a nerve in your whole body that is not to say other people are not bundles of jangling nerves. Strong-nerved people have no idea what the nervous endure. The non-nervous have a way of looking at you and saying, "Are you nervous?" that makes you feel positively murderous. Nerves are nothing to be ashamed of but you must try to fight against them. Nerves are good servants—they help you to hear, feel, and see—but they may become a very hard taskmaster if they once get out of control. There are nerves that come from being overworked and run down. Go and see a good doctor; if possible, take a rest and holiday, or, at least, live sensibly and take a good tonic. There are nerves that come from excessive strong tea-drinking. There are nerves that are the result of long-continued illness. And there are the worst nerves of all—those that come from no special

cause, but are part of your very being. These are the nerves that the sensible brave girl tries to keep in their proper place, the kind of nerves that make you feel inclined to scream if a door bangs or anyone drops a fork. You feel jumpy all the time; you are not really in the least cross, though all your family will think you a Demon of Crossness, and you cannot help being irritable; but you must strive your very hardest to fight against your feelings of irritation and try your very best to be calm and self-controlled. Non-understanding people say cheerfully, "It's only nerves." *Only* nerves! Say if you like, only a broken leg, or only measles, but don't say, "Only nerves"! If you are the proud possessor of *no nerves*, have a little sympathy and mercy for those whose sufferings you cannot understand.

When I was quite a small child I remember going to a pantomime of which one of the chief features was the appearance of a tiny boy from a sort of box. The box was carried on and deposited in the middle of the stage, up went the lid, and out stepped the little boy. He was dressed as a very ornate carter and he carried a large whip, with which he made appropriate gestures while he sang the following words:—

"Crack! crack! goes my whip!
I whistle and I sing;
I drive my father's waggon!
I'm as happy as a king."

There must have been more of it, but the chorus is all

I remember. From the moment he appeared I was torn with a wild desire to take his place, dress like a carter, smack a whip, and be as happy as a king. I did not in the least know what happy as a king meant, but it sounded splendid! Also he could whistle and sing—the first an accomplishment that I still envy, for I cannot attain to it—and he possessed an enormous and attractive whip. I do not say all our childish desires and aspirations are as foolish as mine were—I pined to drive a waggon for months—but many of our grown-up desires are no more sensible. I am not sure that things I wanted even last year are not quite as silly as wanting to be a pantomimic carter with a property whip! And the moral is: when we are disappointed that things do not “arrive to us” as we wish them, we need not make such a terrible fuss. Ten chances to one you will find you get on remarkably well without the particular moon you have been crying for. Turn over in your mind the various things you have wanted; are you not glad you never got them? Is it worth while to have your heart’s desire and a lean soul? Better keep a pure soul rich in love and hope than have the desire of your heart and a soul stifled and starving. You may receive, nay, you *will* receive better than your heart’s desire; so do not be so very grieved if things are not exactly as you want them. You will live to say: “This is better than anything I could have thought of, greater happiness than I ever dreamed of in the old storm-tossed, undisciplined days.” I believe I am really more

thankful for the gifts withheld than for the gifts given. When we are young we say: "If only I could have my own way"; in a few years: "I think things are wiser as they are"; and in later years: "How thankful I am I did not have my own foolish, wayward way." I wish I could help some of the girls who are struggling along that dismal Trouble Lane, make them believe there really will be a turning in it for them. It is so hard when everything seems going all wrong, when everything and everybody seem to be against us. Is it any comfort to remember that often the things that *seem* most wrong are really in the right?

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will,"

To walk in Trouble Lane with a blessing on our footsteps makes it a better place than the most beautiful fairylike glade where evil beasts lurk and prowl and there is no hovering blessing to lead the way. This is all talk, you say: "Easy enough for you to write; do you know what you are writing about?" My dear, dear girls, I *do*. It is just because I know that weary old Trouble Lane so well that I want you all not to be discouraged. I did not like the lane any more than you do. There seemed turnings for everybody, but no nice turnings came my way. Is not that what you think? Nice things for everyone—

happiness, love, good times, riches—always for other girls, none for you. Now, cheer up, believe me you will have your good time; you will find the turning, a turning that leads you into a wonderful path, more beautiful than anything you could have dreamed of or hoped for. Giant Despair is a terrible person, come out of his clutches as soon as you can. Nothing frightens off the disagreeable giant so much as seeing you trying to be brave, patient, and helpful. A very noble-minded woman was asked at the close of a long, magnificently helpful life what message she would leave behind her as the greatest and most important lesson she had learnt. Her answer was: "Be very, very patient." Is not that a beautiful thought? To be very patient with the faults and failings of others, to wait patiently till the clouds lift, to do our work with no complainings, but with infinite patience. The giver of that wonderful message knew what sorrow, great, overwhelming sorrow could be; she had lost all she had loved. She had known many troubles, anxieties and worries, and through all she was patient. Where other women would have given up she held on. She was not only patient; she was clever, amusing, cheerful, and happy, full of fun and merriment, and never too busy to spare a moment for other people's troubles. She gave royally her time, her money, her love, and her sympathy. When I think of her, it is as Greatheart leading the way, for ever pointing to the Highest, for ever saying, "Be very, very patient." Is patience a small thing? Far from

it; it is very great and very wonderful. Are we apt to think of Job as rather a poor-spirited creature who sat down under his troubles and was content to exercise his patience and do nothing else? Remember in the end Job, because he was patient, received more than he had ever lost. Was he not more blessed in the latter end than in the beginning? Job took his long Trouble Lane uncomplainingly, and he came out of it into a glorious plain full of sunshine and all good things. Let us cultivate patience. Very little is done by the impatient people. Has not even genius been called "an infinite capacity for taking pains"? No one who is impatient ever takes pains. They are in far too much of a hurry, too ready to slur things over and say: "Anything will do." Impatient people always measure things "near enough—it will do all right"; they very, very rarely can be bothered to do anything accurately and correctly. Then I think a patient woman is generally a loving one. You must be very patient with little children, and if you can show them patience you surely must be able to love them. Patience drags the wheels out of the ruts, oils them, and starts off pulling the load again. Brave Patience toils up the Hill of Difficulty and trudges down Trouble Lane. Does she miss the turning? She goes on again, still hopeful, still doing her level best. For we must do our best. Nothing else is of the least use. We must give the best that is in us—the best work, the best help, the best love, and the best goodness. Second bests will not do. We are not

asked to do what is beyond our powers, but we *are* asked to use what powers, talents and opportunities have been given us to the very utmost limit. Are our sheaves few and worthless? If they are truly all we were able and capable of gathering, they are as valuable and will be as gladly received as the finest load of golden grain. Our limitations are known, our opportunities are known; too much will not be asked of us, but *our best* will be expected, will be demanded. If we have small talents, we will have small things to do; but however small, they must be done to the best of our ability.

"A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle."

But it is wonderful from what small beginnings great things have come.

"A little Hearth best fits a little Fire;
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire."

Your bell may be a very small one, but it may have a sweet, true note. Have you not often heard faint, soft village bells that sound far more appealing and tender than a great clanging city church bell booming and echoing up to the heavens? We want the big, strong-mouthed bells, but we must have the little bells also to make up the world's music. Are your hearth and fire very tiny? They are not too tiny for some weary pilgrim to come and warm his hands at before he takes to the road again.

Never think: "I have so little it is not worth giving. I am such a very little insignificant bell I will never be heard and it does not matter if I am out of tune." Not a single bell, big or little, but must ring its truest and sweetest. We cannot all carry arc-lights, but we can all keep our candles burning.

I wonder if all girls have read Emerson's essay on "Compensation." Not only is it beautiful in teaching and beautiful as literature but it is most comforting. It is a good thing to study when you are feeling particularly down in the mouth and painfully conscious of your many imperfections. "Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults." Is not that rather a fine thought? We are to be grateful for our very faults. Still another cause of thankfulness; how much we all have to be thankful for if we count in our faults as well as our mercies and benefits! "He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favours and render none." Think for one moment what that means. That there is nothing to be despised, nothing to be looked down upon, nothing spurned, nothing hated. Only one thing is base. To be so mean that we take all the time from the great Giver of all—from the beautiful world, from our friends—take all and give nothing in return. Another thought: "He is great who confers the most benefits." Great! And we can all be great. The poorest, humblest of us can confer benefits; kind words, happy smiles, sympathetic tears, a helping hand, these can be given by all.

The generous giver may be poor in this world's goods, but he is rich in friends, rich in love. My dear girls, cultivate the giving spirit. To give—there is nothing like it. Even that weary old lane of trouble seems an easier road if we give help and comfort to other Trouble Laners. Have you been in the long lane for many a day? Keep a brave heart. However long, the lane will have a turning.

“Oh, ev’ry heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.

“’Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane
When the cold, dark days are over,
Why the birds go North again !”

When we think everything looks worst and blackest, let us remember that however long the dreary winter, the summer days will come back, the sun will shine out, the birds sing. The longer the lane, the sweeter the turning when it comes.

“A passage perillus maketh a port pleasant.” The greater our troublous times the greater our joys. Read Emerson’s “Compensation”; if the road is very dark, try and cheer yourself with thoughts of the “pleasant port” when the “passage perillus” is over. Most of all remember we only see the beginning; especially when we are young. We are impatient to see what the end will be, what kind of a turning there is coming in our lane;

we cannot be contented to quietly trust and quietly look forward.

“Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made ;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith ‘A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all nor be afraid.’ ”

AN UNDERSTUDY FOR AN ANGEL

WHEN Simon Ingot tells David Garrick, rather pathetically, that his wife, Ada's mother, was a good woman, Garrick replies, "Sir, a good woman is an understudy for an angel." The dear old alderman bows and murmurs politely, "Quite so, quite so," without having the least idea what the actor means. We know what an understudy is though Ingot did not. He was about as much of a playgoer as he was a Shakespearean scholar. "One touch of nature makes the world begin" was in *his* edition, we know; quite a nice quotation, if not exactly what Shakespeare meant. What is an understudy? Is it not one who, playing a small and insignificant part, is yet fully armed and well prepared to take the principal part at a moment's notice? Sometimes the understudy is merely a feeble copy, sometimes he does his work creditably, and occasionally plays so brilliantly that the Rosencrantzes and Horatios become things of the past, the future full of Hamlets and Romeos. The chief thing about the understudy is that he must always be ready, always word perfect, always waiting for his chance when it comes; for the understudy fully illustrates what is meant by being ready for your chance. The chance *comes*, remember that; it may linger

long on the road, it may not even be in this world, but your chance will come. Only be ready for it. "Time and tide wait for no man." Is your boat ready? Launch it and away! The tide is at the full; it will carry you far—to fame and fortune, or perhaps to the best of all—the smiling, pleasant valley of Happiness. What is this? Your oars are broken, ropes tangled, sails torn, you can go to-morrow, not to-day! No time to wait for you. Next man, please. There you are—left stranded on the beach beside your unseaworthy boat and no one to thank but yourself. It is no excuse to say you were tired waiting for the tide, tired of making ready for the day that would never come. It is just the very day that you give up that your great chance comes along. Your boat may be wanted at a moment's notice. Have everything ship-shape, be ready. Suppose the chance never comes, or suppose, which is quite on the cards, that you are too stupid to see it? Is it not better to be alert, active and hopeful than sunk in sloth, laziness and despair? Never lose a chance of making a friend, never lose an opportunity of doing a kind action. Looked at from the very lowest point of view, bread cast upon the waters may turn up again *cake* for you! From a higher point of view it is the proper, kindly right way to live. Even if the poor old lame dog is in such a hurry, once you have helped him over the stile, that he never stops to wag his tail in thanks, never mind; help the next dog all the same. If we help ten people and nine are "wrong uns,"

the one who is all right is quite worth the other nine. The good woman who is understudying for an angel must be helpful. Helpfulness does not mean lecturing and scolding nor "I told you so." Why are women so fond of saying that? A man never says, "I told you so," but a woman, even the best of them, cannot resist it! The really helpful people know just when to help and when to let us stagger along by ourselves. It does not do to always lean on crutches—sometimes it is much kinder to take away the supports. We must find our own feet if they are ever to be any good to us. Another thing, do not, even with a little child, choose the one moment when the heart is very sore to rub it in. It is so easy to go too far and turn penitence into stubborn impenitence. People say "I can forgive but I cannot forget." Is not that a poor kind of forgiveness? Worst of all, they say "I cannot and will not forgive." What are we that we should dare to say we will not forgive?

"We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us to render
The deeds of mercy."

To be forgiving, to be gentle, tactful, and merciful—are not these the qualities of the good woman? "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath" may be old-fashioned teaching but can we improve upon it? Never to let the sun set while our hearts are full of anger and resentment; never to sleep while we feel cross and un-

forgiving. From a health point of view (we are great on hygiene nowadays), could anything be more unhealthy than to go to bed in a rage? If you do sleep your dreams will be haunted by the unpleasant spirits of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; and the chances are you will not sleep at all, but toss from side to side, every moment becoming more miserable. Conscience may wake up and give you some unpleasant little stabs—"It may have been my fault," "I was very cross," "Perhaps I began it." What a nice night you will have! If to be wroth with those we love really works like madness in the brain, you will be in a very wretched state in the morning. Alas! it is nearly always "our own" that we quarrel with—just those we love best; and long, long before the cold grey morning light steals into the room, if you have a heart at all, you will be in perfect panic in case something has happened to the unforgiven one during the night. Do you remember in Owen Meredith's poem the lines—

"If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven"?

You think of these lines. You think of all the gloomy tales of unforgiving people who never had the chance to forgive. All the anger is gone, and you feel if only, only you have the happiness to say "It was my fault; *forgive* me," that you will never, never be angry again as long as you live. You will probably be just as cross next week, but if you are not an idiot, you will remember

what a ghastly night you had; you will make it up before you

“ . . . tire the sun with talking,
And send him down the sky.”

Some people talk a great deal about what they call just anger and righteous wrath; they quote St. Paul “as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men” as a sort of excuse for not getting on with certain members of the family. But Paul never meant people to quarrel and backbite, you are to “live peaceably with all men.” If there are some people who are great trials, just keep out of their road as much as possible, but you must still “live peaceably.” There are some people who find it much more difficult to be amiable than others—they are born so. Only remember, Miss Very-easy-to-be-agreeable, that when they are pleasant and nice it counts a great deal more than when you are affable. It was no credit to Mark Tapley to be jolly—it was merely constitutional. The Mark Tapleys are delightful, lovable creatures, and this earth would be a desert without them, only do not praise them for what is no effort. Give a helping hand to the naturally grumpy who are bravely trying to overcome their grumpiness. It is very hard *not* to show a preference for Mark Tapley’s society, especially on a wet, foggy day, but Tapley will be just as jolly if we take no notice of him, and poor old Crosspatch is sitting by the fire spinning, “all by her lonesome.” Crosspatch, dear, it is all understood and taken into consideration—your

headaches and your backaches, and the fact that you find it very difficult to be gracious and sweet. Tapley, my man, don't be too proud of your jolly ways; they are also estimated at their true value. It is the same with goodness, it comes easy to some and very hard to others. For there are such things as heredity and disease, environment and education to be taken into account. If I do not steal, is it because I have learnt the eighth commandment or because I am neither starving (at least not yet!) nor, still worse, seeing those I love crying for food? We need not be so mightily proud of virtue, when the sins do not tempt us. Besides, there are other things we can steal as well as loaves of bread and garments that hang temptingly in the street.

"Who steals my purse steals trash . . .
. . . But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And leaves me poor indeed."

Idle gossip oft repeated, with additions and embellishments, steals more than the pickpocket's nimble fingers. We think it is terrible, and it is terrible, when a man in a fit of drunken rage hatchets his wretched wife to death. But do we do no murder when we are unsympathetic, unkind, hard and unforgiving? It is a worse thing to kill a soul than to kill a body. To see the helpless, struggling soul straining towards the light and crush it back into hopeless darkness? It may be true that "there lives more faith in honest doubt" than in a

gabbled-over creed. But I do wish, when with young people, the honest doubters would keep their doubts, views and opinions to themselves. If you take away, what do you propose to give in exchange? Nothing? Well, nothing never helped a man to live. Before we talk of "worn-out superstitions" let us be quite sure we have something else to lean on when the Rock of Ages is no longer our Strength and Stay. Sometimes people have only a vague aspiration after higher things, only the feeling "that surely there must be a sort of a something somewhere"—*that* is better than nothing.

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

Get rid of your religion, you think the world will fill the void. It never, never will. We have been so anxious to make Sunday pleasant, to do away with the old stern teaching of the Puritanical Sabbath, that we have gone to the other extreme. Cricket, golf, all other healthful out-door games are right and good for Sunday afternoons, especially for those who are cooped up in warehouses and offices all through the week; but surely a little time might be spared to go to church once. When huge brake-loads of noisy not too sober people descend on country villages and make the day hideous to sight and sound, then I think it is high time we returned to the Sabbath of the Puritans. It is not very uplifting to the mind on

a beautiful Sunday evening to meet scores of linked-together men and maidens shrieking and yelling—perhaps not many yards from the little village church, whose bell rings out with a clang of despair. Was the old Sunday such a very hard day? I can remember the old-fashioned Scotch Sunday, when the newspapers were cleared away on Saturday evening. Was that a bad thing? Truly we have newspapers too much with us. If the toys and play-books were removed, religious bricks were a great joy, and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* most interesting reading. Does anyone, child or grown-up, read Foxe now, or know anything of those who—

“Climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain”?

We learned psalms and paraphrases—and we quite enjoyed learning them. We certainly went to church twice, but I cannot remember it ever being considered a hardship. Everyone went to church. I think little children like church, especially grown-up church. I know a children's service used to be looked on as rather a come-down. We spent the evening singing hymns or playing some sort of Biblical game, which gave us a knowledge of Jewish History that remains with us to this day. I do not think our Presbyterian Sunday was either a stern and gloomy one, nor an unhappy one. Sunday is meant to be a day of rest and gladness, but also a day of praise and thankfulness, and I cannot see what is gained by

turning Sunday into another Saturday, only more so. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and unless you have a Sunday shift of servants surely the merciful woman ought not to choose Sunday for her largest parties. Of course goodness does not consist in merely church-going. The Pharisee was a regular church-goer and he did not gain much by it. Still it was not his religion that was at fault but his application of it, and his own overweening conceit. There are many very good, great-hearted people who never go to church, but still there are a great many who do go who are neither narrow-minded nor canting hypocrites. Children should be brought up to have a regard and respect for "the Day that the Lord hath made" and taught "to rejoice and be glad in it." Yesterday I read an article which, if true, would go to show that upper-class children are sunk in a heathen darkness terrible to think of. Sunday seems to be the same as any other day. If the children *are* sent to church they naturally cannot see why they should go while father and mother and all their friends are having a good time at home. I hope the writer of the article took an exaggerated view. For surely even the busiest, most fashionable mother has a few moments to spare in which to tell the little eager listeners "the old, old story." If my lady has no time to waste (waste!) over her little one's souls, no time to hear the baby voices say their little prayers and hymns, then I am very sorry for my lady, for she is losing the best in life.

CORNER STONES

"No rubies of red for my lady,
No jewel—that glitters and charms—
But the light of the skies in a little one's eyes
And a necklace of two little arms—
Of two little arms that are clinging,
(Oh ! ne'er was a necklace like this !),
And the wealth o' the world and love's sweetness imperaled
In the joy of a little one's kiss."

Fashionable engagements and what is really a round of hard work has nothing to do with the ordinary middle-class mother, and she *can* look to it that her children are brought up in the faith of their fathers. She is not a great lady with continual calls on her time, so she can see her boys and girls go to church and live up to what they learn there when they come home. There is a lot of trashy nonsense talked about a child's pure soul finding religion for itself; and that we should not confuse them with such words as Eternity, Redemption, and Temptation. They *are* long words, possibly beyond a child's comprehension—constantly beyond our own. But "God is love" consists of three very easy little short words and can be learnt by the tiniest. The "little lamb" can ask "the tender Shepherd" to hear the little prayer at a very early age. As for children finding religion for themselves, you might as well say flowers will grow if you plant no seed. Even when the seed is planted has it not to be tended and watered and cared for? We may fight and struggle and strive, out of much tribulation find our own souls, but there is nothing gained in bringing a child

up in religious ignorance. When you talk very tall about leaving the pure soul to its own devices, be quite sure it is not sheer laziness, if not want of religion in yourself that prevents your teaching your little child. In the old days the men rode forth to the fight and the women stayed at home to pray for them. Do we not still have the feeling that the women should do the most of the praying?

"My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast,
She comes—she's here—she's past,
May heaven go with her!

"Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint,
Meekly and duly,
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly."

Is not the above a better influence for lover or husband than the knowledge that instead of being a "fair saint" the lady of your love will tell a blasphemous story and mock and sneer at the most sacred things? You remember the delightful sentence "With about as much religion as my William likes." I am inclined to think that the Williams like a good deal of religion in their wives. They may be—

"Outcast spirits, who wait
And see through heaven's gates
Angels within it,"

and not much troubled with religion themselves; but they do not like to think their womenkind no better than they are. Alderman Ingot did not say to Garrick, "I am a good man, I have brought my Ada up well." No, he knew all was said, more than said in the "her mother was a good woman." We know why David responded as he did—he was thinking of his own mother. You hear now and then of boys and girls who have kept to the straight path of rectitude, however greatly the primrose path has allured them, because—"I thought of my mother." Don't you think it would be a wonderful reward to a mother to hear that, "I could not do such a thing, mother, for I thought of you"? And women wilfully throw away what is best in their lives for idle amusement, for unsatisfying pleasure, and aimless folly.

Women must remember that goodness must be made attractive. When we grow older, and perhaps wiser, we admire the good because it *is* good. Young people cannot see things quite in the same light. I should like to make all the really good deeply religious women wave their hair becomingly, and wear pretty clothes. It is sheer nonsense to say evil is unattractive. Evil is generally most attractive; "with sound of pleasant music, and dancing on the deck," the young things only hear the fiddles playing and see the rose-wreathed masts. Tell them that the ship is doomed and making straight for the rocks. They will not believe you. They will only strain their eyes after the gay dancers, and think how

deadly dull it is on board your boat. Now, why should goodness be dull? Why should not the good people have their fiddler, their dances, their flowers and their songs? Is evil to have the monopoly of all that is gay and bright and enticing? Make your boat as cheery and happy as the ship of evil. And, ah! when the latter goes to pieces, throw out some lifebuoys to the poor, wrecked mistaken people, who went forth with pleasure only, and neither faith nor hope. It will not hurt you to give a helping hand, to think tenderly of those who do wrong, for we can never know how they were tempted. Charles Kingsley's "Be good, sweet maid," sounds rather stupid and dull to the girl who feels she is and "can be clever," but surely it is better "to do" than "to dream." Because you are understudying an angel, you need not throw away all your dreams, all your castle-building, all your hopes of being great and famous. It is better to "hitch your waggon to a star" than tie it up to a post in a mudbank. You can humbly and quietly do your duty in that state of life to which you have been called, and yet listen to the far-off voices of immortal gods, look for white presences among the hills. But remember you will never find the four-leaved shamrock of happiness unless you take your own fair share of digging in the homely potato-patch.

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Walk in the first, and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

It is a long time since the great Victorian poet told us it was "only noble to be good." Do we believe him or do we think there are other things—the Norman blood and the coronets, perhaps—that are of more consequence than mere goodness? When one of the greatest and best of men lay dying, after a life so brilliantly full of achievement, so splendid under trial and misfortune that we are proud to remember that he belonged to our own grey North, his last words were of goodness. He said nothing of fame, of greatness, of success—these are not the important things. To be good, that is the only thing that really matters. "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man." When the greatest Queen this world has ever known passed to her well-earned rest what did we think of? Her great possessions, the Empire of India, the Britains beyond the seas, all the marvellous inventions and discoveries of her wonderful reign? I think all we thought of was her own great goodness. Queen Victoria was good. She was good mother, good wife (*gutes Fraüchen*, how simple and sweet it sounds!), good friend, and wise and good ruler. For sixty golden years she set such an example of noble womanhood that I hope no English-speaking girl will ever forget it. Victoria was a great Queen, but she was also—and it comes first—a good woman. That fact will remain when the wonders of her reign are forgotten.

AN UNDERSTUDY FOR AN ANGEL 227

"The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice—
An humble and a contrite heart."

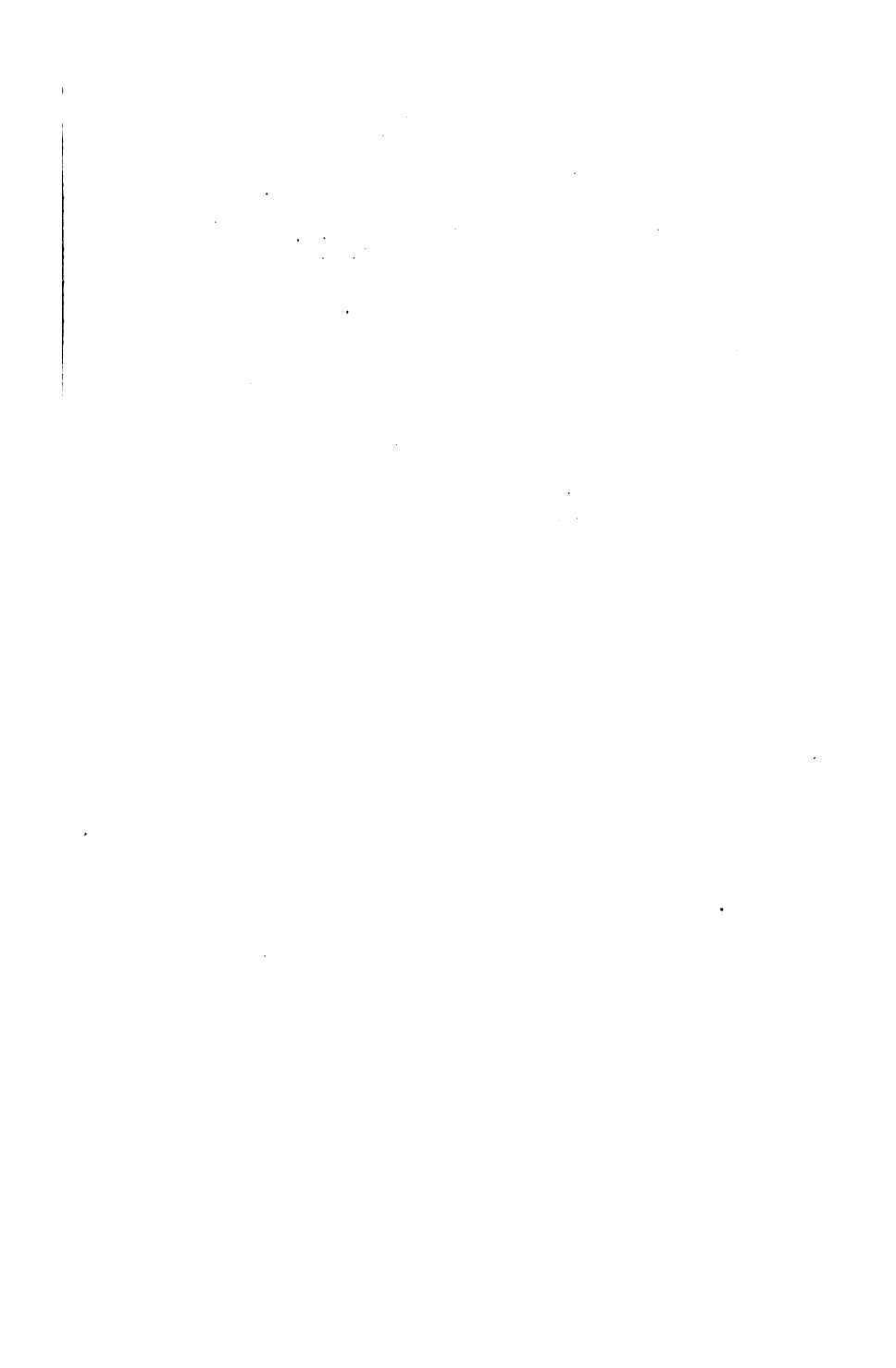
We cannot improve upon that "ancient sacrifice." The world may advance, as it has done, and is doing in science, in healing, in learning, in glory. We may argue and talk, run after new faiths and false prophets, put forward first one view and then another, and then come back to the old-time things—goodness, kindness, and love. We return to the old knowledge that now and for ever the only acceptable sacrifice is the ancient one—an humble and contrite heart. Women, light your lamps and keep them burning. Show the way upward. Lead the tired feet along that road that is a hard one to climb and that winds uphill till the very end. An understudy for an angel! Mr. Garrick? Nay, rather say simply, a good woman.

"O woman, born first to believe us ;
Yea, also born first to forget ;
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret !

"O first then in all that is human,
Lo first where the Nazarene trod,
O woman ! O beautiful woman !
Be thou first in the Kingdom of God !"

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